

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1929.

ONE SHILLING.



THE STARFISH GIRL: MISS GEORGIA GRAVES, OF THE FOLIES BERGÈRE.

Miss Georgia Graves is an artist who substantiates her claim to stardom in a very convincing way! She is a popular favourite in Paris, and her

highly original "Starfish Dance," pictured above, is one of the special attractions of the Folies Bergère.



Motley Notes



BOILS AND CRUMBS.

I SAT down to this desk with a perfectly blank mind. (Now, *don't* say what you were going to say. The fact I have stated may be obvious, but it is still more obvious to call attention to its obviousness. So now we're all square!) I repeat, my mind was completely blank; so was my paper. This annoyed me, because I had a perfectly good fountain-pen newly filled with perfectly good ink. It hovered gracefully over the virgin sheet; and continued to hover. Unfortunately, I am not very good at automatic writing: however invitingly my pen is poised, no spirit ever comes from the Other Side to convey pregnant messages in glowing periods. The only time I ever tried the planchette, the results were quite unfit for human consumption. No, I cannot conceal from myself—or from you—that my inspiration is not of the beam-wireless kind straight from on high. When I write, I have to *think*. (Again I must ask you to resist the cheap and easy witticism at the expense of another.)

Well, something had to be done about it. With millions of readers all over the world breathlessly waiting for a message to gladden the day, one could not allow one's pen to remain in a state of permanent catalepsy. I began to write. A number of black marks began to appear on the page. But they were not at all satisfactory marks, and I became more and more annoyed. Then something happened which transported me beyond mere irritation into noble rage and terrible malediction.

It was nothing much. In fact, it was minute. It was a microscopic fragment, scarcely visible to the naked eye, of some foreign substance, which had insinuated itself under my little finger. Whenever I moved my hand to write, it chased me. Everywhere that Alan went, that crumb was sure to go. And what was more, it was a member of a gang. No sooner had I got rid of one than a confederate took its place. That sort of thing is just hell. If I were Dante, I should design a special circle of the Inferno for the novelists from whom I have suffered most. I should make them write for all eternity with tiny little angular molecules under the little fingers of their right hands.

Ah, my dear brethren, those minute fragments which intrude themselves on smooth surfaces! They are the cause of all the mischief! They are what make so many people Too Old at Forty! Once let them take possession of your life, and nothing will prevent your hair falling out except the floor!

A great grief, a noble sorrow—these are comparatively easy to bear. A man is put on his mettle; he has to square up to

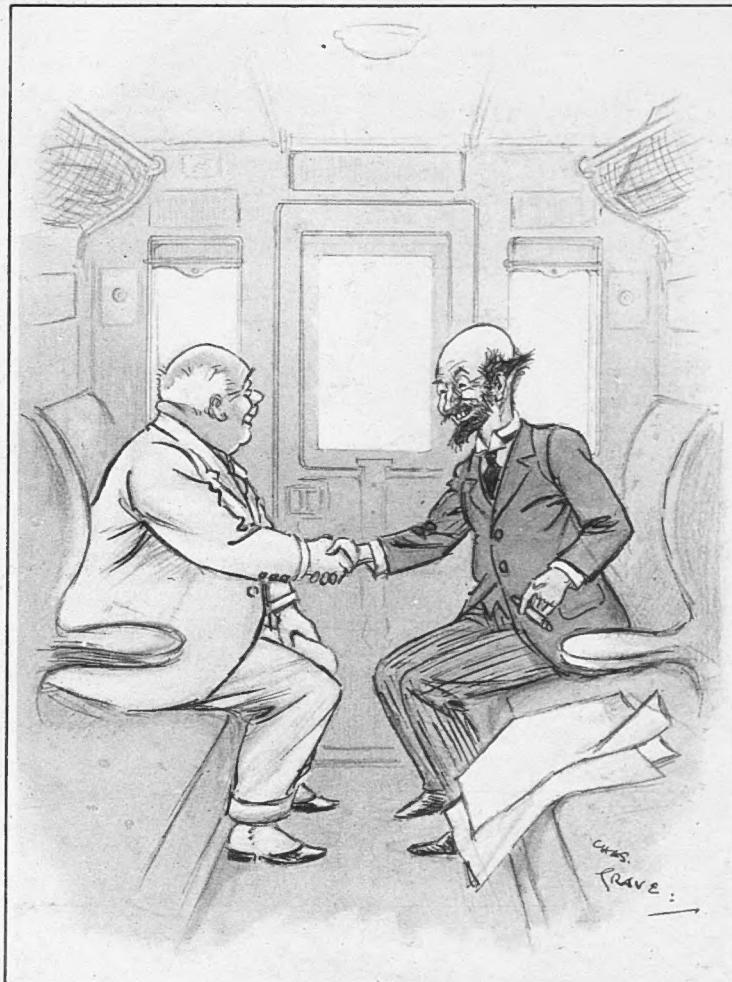
a big occasion. There are so many situations in life in which there is no middle way between being a hero and a cur. You either have to go over the top and be shot at by the enemy, or run away and be shot at by your own troops. There is even a certain pleasurable glow in taking the big knock without whining. It may hurt, but what a fine fellow you are! The poet who defies the bludgeonings of fate has certainly got a nasty headache; but so long as his bloody head is really unbowed, he is getting a good deal of fun out of the situation. And when you look round you

to laughter." When things become a bit too thick, they become a bit too thin; you see through them and poke fun at them. Indeed, it is quite alarming how tactful one has to be sometimes with other people's tragedies. It is so easy, in an unguarded moment, to laugh at them. A friend of mine told me the other day what he considered the record Hard Luck Story. It happened in India. A missionary's wife was in the kitchen, boiling an enormous cauldron of water. Her two small children were playing about. One of them suddenly called: "Oh, mummy, look at the pretty thing I've found!" The pretty thing was a cobra. It bit the child, and while the mother was rushing to its rescue, the other child spilt the entire contents of the cauldron over itself. It is a dreadful story, coldly considered; but I am ashamed to say that I found it difficult to receive it with the proper solemnity. I could not help being reminded of the well-known person who said: "I can't imagine how I killed your baby—I was only throwing it up like this"—and incontinently dashed the other twin against the ceiling.

Since you laugh at other people's tragedies, and they laugh at yours, it would seem that the simplest thing in the common interest is for everybody to laugh at his own. And most people do—if things are bad enough.

But the flies in the pots of ointment! (No, I will not use that metaphor, because I have never understood why it is not perfectly easy to remove a fly from a pot of ointment—all you need is a pin: whereas the fly in amber, which is supposed to be an object of admiration, is a real nuisance, because nothing short of pulverisation will remove it.) No, not the flies in the pots of ointment, but the crumbs under our little fingers! It is difficult to be brave and gay about those! If they suddenly became the size of marbles, no doubt they would be absurd and we could laugh at them; but unfortunately Providence keeps them infinitesimally small. She only does it to annoy, because she knows it teases.

Have you ever considered the exquisite ingenuity with which Job was tried? All the obvious disasters fell upon his head, and he remained noble and dignified and patient. But what happened then? *Grievous boils!* It is impossible for a man with grievous boils to be noble and dignified and patient. Imagine coming home one day to learn that your wife and six children had been killed in a railway accident the day after you had ceased to take in the *Daily Mail*; that your house had been burnt down the day after your policy had expired; and that your bank had failed just after you had paid in Uncle Alfred's legacy. Well, I dare say you could stand



REALLY WONDERFUL.

"But, my dear fellow, this is wonderful. I haven't seen you since we were both eighteen, and you haven't changed a bit!"

DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAVE.

and notice how some people seem to be pursued by relentless misfortune, you come to the conclusion that it takes a bludgeon about the size of a telegraph-pole to bow the human head right down to the dust. Let cynics say what they will of human nature, the amount of pluck and endurance in the world is simply marvellous.

Besides, there is always this about the smashing blows—sooner or later they become funny. Fate, when it begins to bluster, merely makes a fool of itself. It is somebody in "King Lear"—Edgar, I think—who sums up the limitations of malignant destiny when he says: "The worst returns

[Continued on page xii.]



OUTSIDE THE "FAIRY" COTTAGE AT RANELAGH: MRS. C. A. KERSHAW.



BY THE HARD LAWN-TENNIS COURTS: A SNAPSHOT OF MRS. KERSHAW, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS "RUGGER" HALF-BACK.



TEMPTING THE BLACK SWANS WITH A "SNACK": MRS. KERSHAW BY THE ORNAMENTAL WATER.

OFF FOR A WALK WITH HER SMALL SON SIMON
MRS. C. A. KERSHAW.IN THE ROCK GARDEN: MRS. KERSHAW, THE WIFE OF THE
"RUGGER" INTERNATIONAL,

Mrs. C. A. Kershaw is the wife of Lieutenant-Commander C. A. Kershaw, the famous United Services "Rugger" international, who played for England against Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and France in 1920, 1921, 1922, and 1923, taking part in sixteen international contests. Lieutenant-Commander C. A. Kershaw and his contemporary, Engineer-Lieutenant-Commander W. J. A. Davies, were a pair of great half-backs for England during their football career, and made "Rugger" history on more than one occasion. Lieutenant-Commander Kershaw's last international was in 1923, and he has now retired from the arena of international "Rugger." Our delightful photographs show his wife and young son. Some of them were taken at Ranelagh, that most delightful of Society's country clubs, where the rock garden, lake, and "fairy" cottage are well-known features of the landscape. Mrs. Kershaw, who was married in 1921, is the younger daughter of the late Major-General Sir Charles Parsons, K.C.M.G., and of Lady Parsons.

THE WIFE AND SON OF A FAMOUS "RUGGER" INTERNATIONAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR A. OWEN, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



STARS.

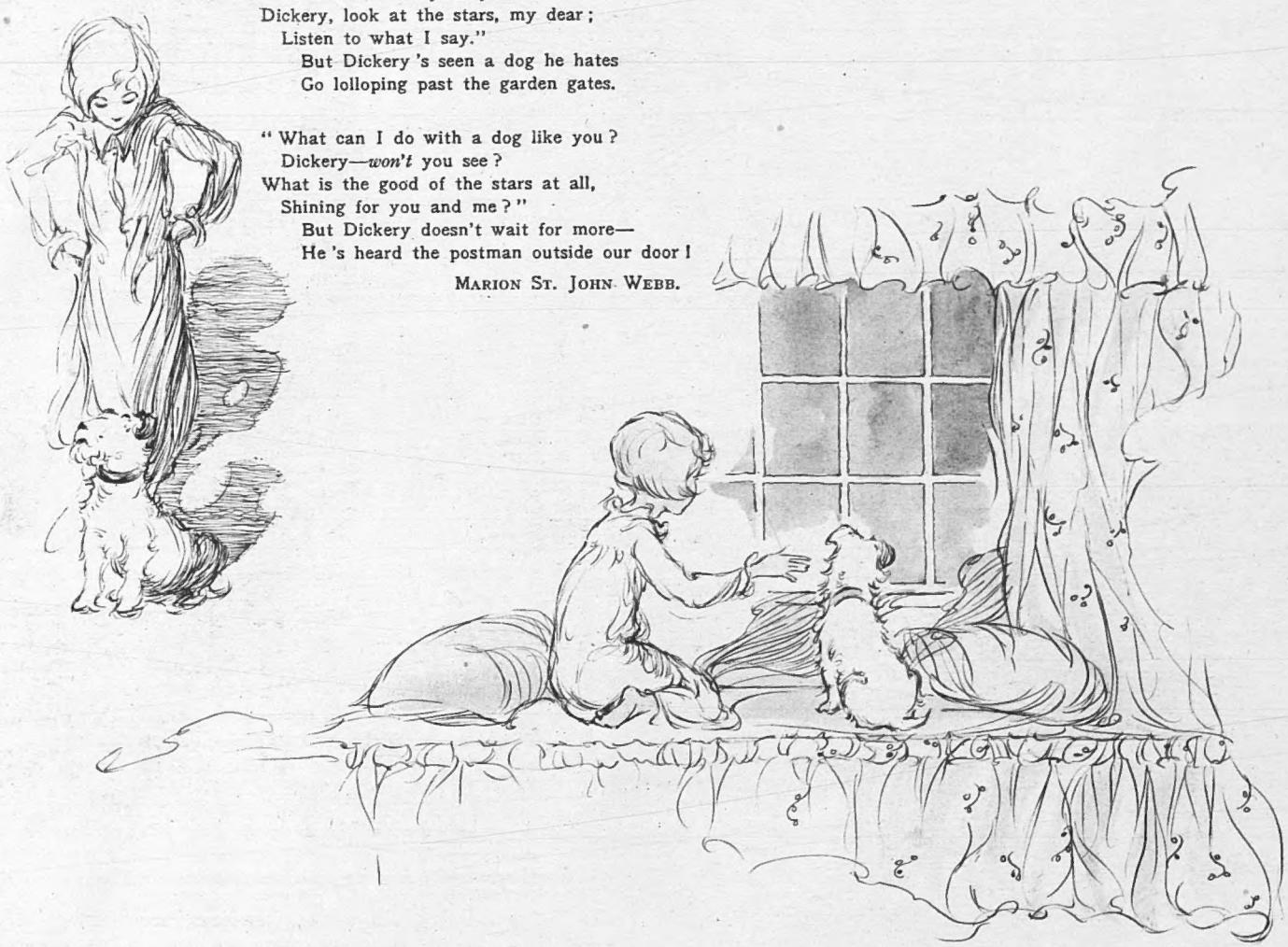
The nursery window is open wide,
And me and Dickery peep outside. . . .

Out in the night there are stars alight.
Twinkling up in the sky.
"Dickery, look at the stars," I said.
"Not on the ground—up high!"
But Dickery *will* look downwards, though—
He's seen a cat in the lane below.

"There's the Great Bear—on the right—up there.
That is the Milky Way.
Dickery, look at the stars, my dear;
Listen to what I say."
But Dickery's seen a dog he hates
Go lolling past the garden gates.

"What can I do with a dog like you?
Dickery—*won't* you see?
What is the good of the stars at all,
Shining for you and me?"
But Dickery doesn't wait for more—
He's heard the postman outside our door!

MARION ST. JOHN WEBB.



JOHN AND ME AND THE DICKERY DOG.—XXII.

Above we give the twenty-second of our delightful series of poems specially written for "The Sketch" by Mrs. Marion St. John Webb; and illustrations specially drawn by Miss A. H. Watson. This week the girl twin, Anne, is the spokeswoman. She is in romantic mood, but she finds that her constant and beloved companion Dickery is somewhat material in his dreams, and seems unable to follow the flights of her fancy in the sky!

VERSES BY MRS. MARION ST. JOHN WEBB; ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISS A. H. WATSON, SPECIALLY DONE FOR "THE SKETCH."

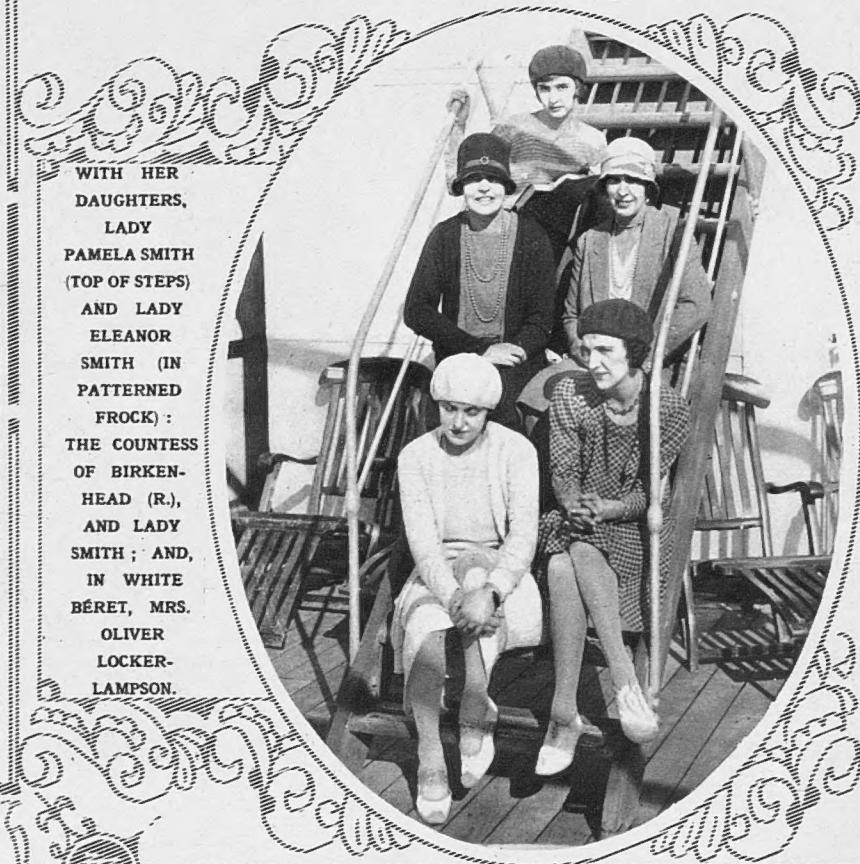


A CONTENTED COMPANY: READING DOWNWARDS FROM TOP OF STEPS: L., MISS M. FRANCE, MRS. C. MYERS, MR. E. BOISTON AND MR. E. PURBRICK; R., MISS PEGGY STONE, —, MRS E. A. STONE, MASTER GEOFFREY FRANCE, MISS ROSIE STONE, AND, STANDING, L., MR. PETER PURBRICK AND DR. BRUCE, THE SHIP'S SURGEON; AND R., MR. EDWARD STONE.



OF OPERATIC FAME:
MR. D' OYLY CARTE AND LADY DOROTHY D' OYLY CARTE, ON BOARD THE "AVILA."

In Search of Madeira Sunshine: Celebrities on the High Seas.



WITH HER DAUGHTERS, LADY PAMELA SMITH (TOP OF STEPS) AND LADY ELEANOR SMITH (IN PATTERNED FROCK); THE COUNTESS OF BIRKENHEAD (R.), AND LADY SMITH; AND, IN WHITE BÉRET, MRS. OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON.



ENJOYING THE FRESH SEA BREEZES, MRS. OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON, MR. H. H. FORD, AND MISS H. FISHER-ROWE.

Madeira grows more popular every year as a winter resort, and many well-known people, including Lord and Lady Birkenhead and their children, are habitués of the delightful place. Our snapshots show some passengers on board the s.s. "Avila," which recently left England for Madeira—for the voyage to Funchal is one of the delights of the holiday, as the ships on the route provide the greatest luxury for passengers. Mr. Stone is the well-known architect of the Piccadilly Theatre, and other

London buildings.—Lady Birkenhead's party for the trip to Madeira included her daughters, the Ladies Eleanor and Pamela Smith, Lady Smith, her sister and sister-in-law (as she is the widow of Sir Harold Smith, brother of the Earl of Birkenhead), and Mrs. Oliver Locker-Lampson.—Mr. D'Oyly Carte, of Savoy Opera fame, and his wife, Lady Dorothy D'Oyly Carte, daughter of the second Earl of Cranbrook, were also aboard the "Avila."—[Photographs by Planet News.]

Fitzgerald
— Villiers,
Kirkpatrick
— Cottell:
Two
Important
Weddings.



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS VERONICA VILLIERS TO MR. DESMOND W. O. FITZGERALD: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, WITH THE BEST MAN, MR. DAY KIMBALL; THE ATTENDANTS — THE HON. MAUREEN BRABAZON, THE HON. MARGARET THESIGER, MISS JEAN GOSCHEN, MISS NELLIE VILLIERS, MISS DIANA HENDERSON, AND MISS J. KATHERINE WYLD; AND THE TRAIN-BEARERS — MASTER BERTIE GUEST AND MISS DEIRDRE O'BRIEN.



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. IVONE KIRKPATRICK TO MISS VIOLET CAULFEILD COTTELL: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, WITH THE BEST MAN, LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER F. KIRKPATRICK, R.N.: THE ATTENDANTS — MISS MARJORIE COTTELL, MISS PHYLLIS COTTELL, MISS JEAN RUTHVEN-STUART, AND MISS LILIAS RUTHVEN-STUART; AND THE TRAIN-BEARERS — MISS MARY ST. CLAIR MORFORD AND MISS DENISE CRITCHLEY SALMONSON.

The marriage of Miss Veronica Villiers, second daughter of the late Mr. Ernest Villiers, and of the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Villiers, of Homington House, Salisbury, to Mr. Desmond W. O. Fitzgerald, only son of the Knight of Glin, and of Lady Rachel Fitzgerald, of Glin Castle, Limerick, was solemnised at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. C. Amherst Villiers, and was attended by six grown-up bridesmaids, in green, and by two child train-bearers. After the ceremony a reception was held at Wimborne House, lent by Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne. — The marriage of Mr. Ivone Kirkpatrick, First Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, elder son of Colonel Ivone and the Hon. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, of Stourton, Sudbury, Suffolk, to Miss Violet Caulfeild Cottell, daughter of the late Colonel Reginald Cottell, and of Mrs. Cottell, was solemnised at St. James's, Spanish Place.

The Marriage of Lord Burghley and Lady Mary Scott.



FORMERLY LADY MARY SCOTT: LADY BURGHLEY IN HER WEDDING GOWN.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. CLEMENT DANES: LORD BURGHLEY, THE FAMOUS ATHLETE, AND HIS BRIDE, LADY MARY SCOTT.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF BUCLEUCH'S FOURTH DAUGHTER AND THE ELDER SON OF THE MARQUESS OF EXETER: L. TO R., LADY RACHEL HOWARD, LADY ANGELA SCOTT, LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN, LORD MARTIN CECIL, R.N., THE BRIDE, THE BRIDEGRoOM, LADY ROMAYNE CECIL, LADY WINIFRED CECIL, AND LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG; AND, IN FRONT, LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT, MASTER RICHARD MEYNELL, LORD ESKDAILL, AND MISS CLARE PHIPPS.



The marriage of Lord Burghley, Grenadier Guards, elder son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, and one of the most celebrated of our Cambridge athletes, to Lady Mary Scott, fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, was the most important social event of the week. The ceremony took place at St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, the church which has been associated with the Cecil family for many generations. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by her sister, Lady Angela

Scott; the bridegroom's sisters, the Ladies Winifred and Romayne Cecil; and by the late Earl Haig's elder daughter, Lady Alexandra Haig; Lady Rachel Howard, elder sister of the Duke of Norfolk; and Lady Anne Bridgeman, second daughter of the Earl of Bradford. The four child attendants were Lord Eskdail and Lady Elizabeth Scott, son and daughter of the bride's brother, the Earl of Dalkeith; Miss Clare Phipps, daughter of Lady Sybil Phipps, one of the bride's sisters; and Master Richard Meynell.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY

THE people who refuse to stay in England in January, and go off winter-sporting to Switzerland, or sun-chasing in the South, may enjoy better weather than the stay-at-homes, but in spite of their gaieties on rink and run, on lawn-tennis courts and in Casinos, they lead quieter lives than those who elect to rush from one hunt ball to another, with a

by tenants and others; and the Duke of Buccleuch's tenants had all put their gifts together to provide a suite of dining-room furniture. The Royal gifts included a leather bag and cushion from the Duke of Gloucester, and a decorative three-fold screen from Princess Mary, and were on view in the lovely town house of the Duke of Buccleuch, where they could be seen to advantage in spite of the huge

press of guests. Lady Mary's offerings included some livestock, as she had a couple of dogs from different friends (one was a Dandy Dinmont and the other a Border terrier), while other present-givers supplied baskets for these new pets.

Sussex has been very gay lately, and social activity there almost equalled the "Sussex Fortnight" liveliness—though, of course, there was no winter substitute for Goodwood to occupy us in the daytime! The Petworth Ball and the West Sussex Hospital Ball at Chichester are both recent events, and there has been quite an orgy of private parties. Violet Lady Beaumont had one at Glindon, and the Duchess of Richmond another at Goodwood House. Then the other Monday Mrs. Denton Carlisle—who had had such a successful fête last summer in aid of the Chichester Hospital, when purses were received by the Duchess of York—gave a dance at her attractive house at Singleton. Major Courtauld, the Member for

Chichester, and his wife (the latter looking well in black) brought a party from Burton Park, their lovely home near Petworth; and all the Goodwood House house-party were there, as well as a large contingent from Cowdray Park, which included Miss Yoskyl Pearson, pretty in a flowered chiffon frock.

The Beaufort Hunt Ball is always a smart gathering, and this year was no exception. Everyone congratulated Miss Monica Morrison-Bell, who so bravely took over the secretarial duties from the accustomed hands of Mr. David Lindsay, as she accomplished a herculean task marvellously. True, there was some discomposure on the subject of tickets at one time, but everyone got them in the end, and over five hundred danced, and were fed without undue congestion, in the fine rooms of Westonbirt. Having three rooms to dance in worked admirably, the band, as usual, being "amplified" into the drawing-room and library from the ball-room, whilst the dining-room and morning-room were used for supper.



1. Mariegold woke up the other morning to find the sunshine streaming into the room, and the dearest little dicky-bird pouring forth unpremeditated song just outside her window. There was so much exhilaration in the air that she made up her mind there and then to spend the week-end in the heart of Nature. Muddpuddlepool was the ideal spot—a tiny seaside place she had once visited in her extreme youth.

dash up to town for an important engagement in between. London had its attractions last week, in spite of the thick fog which descended most days, for there was the marriage of Lady Mary Scott and Lord Burghley, and that of Miss Veronica Villiers to Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, to mention only two of the important weddings of January, so many people were catching trains from one place to another all the time.

Lady Mary Scott and Lord Burghley were not lucky in the weather for their wedding; but, if it rained, at least they were spared the gloomy fog of the previous days, and St. Clement Danes looked lovely. The decorations were charming, as they included a delightfully spring-like arch of mimosa; and oranges and lemons—to recall the old rhyme, "The Bells of St. Clements," no doubt—were also "featured." The bride looked delightful, and her brilliant brunette colouring made an excellent contrast to her bridegroom's fair good looks; and, of course, everyone of importance in the social firmament seemed to be present.

What useful gifts the distinguished young pair received. Of course, there were superb jewels for the future Marchioness of Exeter, as her father and mother gave her diamonds, and so did Lord and Lady Exeter, and other relatives; but the presents bestowed on the bridegroom included such things as a tool-box from Kathleen Lady Falkiner, stockings from Mrs. Bains, a rod and reel, waste-paper baskets, blotters, and other furnishings; while, instead of presentation plate, many cheques were given



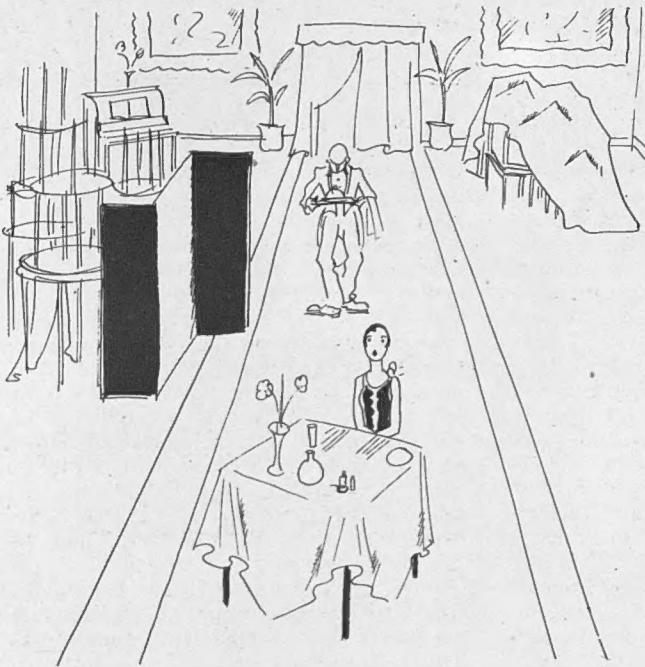
The prettiest women in "good" frocks and the smartest men combined to make the ball-room a decorative scene, and the blending of blue and pink hunt coats always gives the Beaufort a striking individuality among hunt balls. The Badminton party included the Simon-Rodneys and the Lloyd-Thomases, with Miss Borwick and Captain Macintyre. Lady Weymouth, who came in Baron de Tuyl's contingent, was one of the most admired of all the pretty women present. A very select little party from Sopworth, escorted by Lord Erne, consisted of Lady Rachel Howard and the Duke of Norfolk, with Lady Wolverton's younger girl, Miss Esmé Glyn. Lady Patricia Ward and Sir Hugh Seely came with Lady Westmorland; and Lord Freddie Cambridge had moved to Estcourt Grange and came with Lady Helena Gibbs, who also brought Major "Lags" and Miss Anstice Gibbs and Miss Ruth Morrison-Bell. The débutante sister of the latter was with The Close party; and another "bud" who came out was Miss Victoria Fuller, Sir Gerard's youngest sister, who is no less lovely than her three elder sisters. Other débutantes of the evening were Miss Joanna Hankey and Miss Diana Carrington.

The Percy Hunt Ball, held in Bamburgh Castle, lent by Lord and Lady Armstrong, was a great gathering of North-Country society, and had a lovely setting, for Bamburgh is a wonderful old place, standing high on a rock. On one side there is sheer cliff with the sea below; while on the other, tiny Bamburgh village lies huddled, a hamlet



2. No music-hall has ever yet been graced by an artist so adept in quick changes as the English climate. Mariegold arrived in a thunder-storm, and was escorted to a somewhat busily papered room by Maggie, the maid, whom Fate had unfortunately decreed should gaze to the right with the left eye, and to heaven with the right. Maggie informed her that as the season was over they only indulged in hot water once a week, Wednesday being the "luxury" day.

famous for the fact that Grace Darling is buried in the village churchyard. Lord and Lady Armstrong and the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland received the guests, and the ducal party included Lord and Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, brother and sister-in-law of the Duchess, and also two of her nieces, the Misses Jean and Isabel Beckwith. Among the pretty girls were



3. A healthy appetite must be satisfied, and the process of doing so is often cheering. But not when, having changed, you are placed in the centre of an icy desert and fed on cold mutton.

the twenty-year-old Miss Sylvia Joicey—daughter of Lord Joicey's eldest son—and Miss Beatrice Liddell, one of Lord Ravensworth's girls.

And now for news from the playgrounds overseas, where so many of our friends have congregated. St. Moritz, I hear, is very gay, though Germans predominate over Britishers among the visitors. In the evening black and white is worn by most of the smartest folk, Lady Plunket and Mrs. Cunningham Reid almost invariably appearing in one or the other. There's not much variety for ball dresses at the moment, though, as picture frocks and chiffon gowns, short in front and long at the back, have become the dancing "uniform." The only innovation to be noted is the carrying of a large handkerchief of chiffon to match the dress. This is suspended over one's dancing-partner's shoulder when in action. Mrs. Cunningham Reid always wears a broad band of velvet round her head, matching her dress; but so far, I'm told, this fashion has not been largely copied.

The presence of two members of the Government, Colonel Walter Guinness and Sir Samuel Hoare, greatly relieved the prevailing anxiety about the King's progress; and Sir Samuel most thoughtfully posted up the bulletins in the hall as he received them. Lady Maud Hoare, like her husband, is a keen skater, and works hard on the ice, though she is not quite so expert as he. Sir Samuel has presented a cup for skating, to be competed for at the end of January.

Of course, the New Year was celebrated with fancy-dress dances and general gaiety at St. Moritz, though a number of the English visitors—especially the men—refused to dress up, in spite of the hope of winning a prize! The judges for the best costume were Mr. Stuart-Hill, the well-known artist, and Mme. Halphen, of Paris,

and they bestowed the first award on Mme. Renaud Large, the wife of a Brazilian, for her appearance as "La Dame aux Camélias." Lady Maud Hoare presented the prizes, and Lady Evelyn Guinness looked perfectly charming in a pink crinoline, while her little daughter, Grania, was enchanting in a pink Kate Greenaway dress with long trousers. Lady Deterding, in white satin, with some of her magnificent jewels, was one of those "in mufti"; Lady Plunket wore white tulle, and Mme. Uriburu was in green.

Society on the Riviera is having its usual gay and amusing time, and the recent festivities include a marvelous display of fireworks, which amazed and delighted the large assembly at Monte Carlo who watched them.

Lord and Lady Knollys, who have been visiting Sir Stuart and Lady Coats at the Villa Passiflora, Cannes, have now left to enjoy winter sports in St. Moritz, where Lady Knollys will see her old friends, Mrs. Michael Arlen and Señorita Lili de Alvarez, who are both winter-sports enthusiasts. The Michael Arlens are expected back on the Riviera after their visit to St. Moritz, as they are going to Cannes to stay with Mrs. Arlen's grandmother, Princess Karageorgevitch, at the Villa Fiorentina, and Señorita de Alvarez

is sure to return for the many lawn-tennis tournaments.

The Sporting Club at Cannes was tremendously crowded round about New Year time, and one persistent player at the end of the "louis" table kept calling nine, nineteen, and twenty-nine, because it was "the new date," while Miss Wanda Holden stuck to her own age—eighteen—with determination.

Just before Captain Molyneux left for Paris he had some intimate friends to tea, his guests including the Evelyn Fitzgeralds and Mr. and Mrs. Cole Porter and the Alastair Mackintoshes. All the women looked particularly *chic* and charming on this occasion; but that's hardly surprising, as, after all, there's something in having a friend who can give professional advice!

Scotland is a far cry from Monte Carlo, but it has its gaieties too. I hear that a very amusing *thé dansant* was given at Craighall, Perthshire, by Mrs. Rattray last week. Craighall is the original "Waverley" of Sir Walter Scott, and is a most interesting old place. Mrs. Rattray's sister, the Duchess of Atholl, was present, and during an interval, played. She gave some reels splendidly, and also one or two Strauss waltzes. The Duchess, in addition to being a first-class musician, is an expert reel dancer—talents which she inherits from her mother, Lady Ramsay.

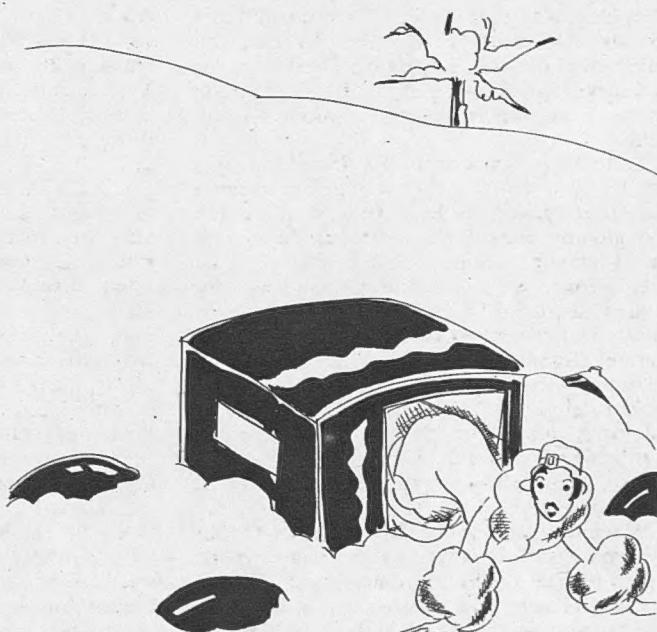
Talking of musicians reminds me that the latest

"well-known" to join the ranks of the professional vocalists is Mrs. Kenneth Mackay, Lord Inchcape's daughter-in-law. She is joining forces with Mr. Sheridan Russell, the brilliant young 'cellist, in giving a recital at the Grotrian Hall on Feb. 5, when the programme will include songs by Schubert, Fauré, Strauss, John Ireland, and Cyril Scott, and pieces by Granados, Fauré, Froberger-Craxton, and Bach. Mrs. Mackay's name has been more associated with sport than with music in the past, but I hear that she is a very good artist, and has studied for some time with Miss Olga Lynn; while, of course, Mr. Sheridan Russell, who played with the Lener Quartet for the Schubert Centenary at the Queen's Hall, is one of our most brilliant young 'cellists.

Although Lady Queensberry married very young, she had already made an artistic reputation for herself as Miss Cathleen Mann, so it is not surprising that she should retain her maiden name when holding a show. Her exhibition at the Goupil Galleries is specially interesting, as in the past she has been known as a portrait-painter, whereas her present exhibition introduces a new side of her art. She has been in Paris for some weeks, and the result is to be seen in the form of some gay, decorative flower paintings, several subject pictures in the modern manner, and an amusing decorative canvas entitled "Children of Lot," which induces speculation as to the exact meaning of its Biblical subject brought up to date, as Lady Queensberry has painted a group of modern "highbrows" clad in the gay "woollies" and pullovers of the moment, escaping from a burning Sodom and Gomorrah.

There are portraits too, of course. Lady Queensberry has painted the blonde Lady Portarlington wearing one of the bunting scarves which were such a craze last year, carried out in green and crushed mulberry colour, and is also showing a number of portraits of gypsy types, and three delightful studies of children. Two of these have a family interest, as the jolly little Lady Patricia Douglas, in a green-checked cotton frock, is her step-daughter, and "Jane," the enchanting baby seated on a cushion, her own daughter, Lady Jane Douglas, who is now two years of age.

MARIEGOLD.



A.K.Z.

4. So Mariegold yearned for home, and set out to get there. Alas! the English climate had been disporting itself gaily and enjoying another little joke. "Nature sometimes presents a most hostile attitude to her admirers," Mariegold sadly reflected, as she sat waiting for the next joke, and the inevitable thaw and flood.

We Take Off Our Hat to—



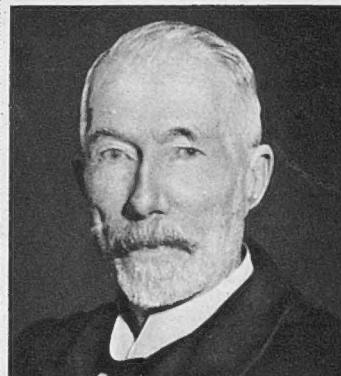
VISCOUNT ENNISMORE.
FOR PROVIDING THE RICH SOCIALISTS WITH A CHANCE OF GIVING THEIR MONEY AWAY.

Viscount Ennismore, son of the Earl of Listowel, is known as Mr. Hare (Hare being his family name.) He is founding a society, Neighbours, Ltd., to enable wealthy people to give as much money away as they can afford.



LORD DUNSDANY.
FOR HAVING TO SHOOT HIS GOOSE BEFORE HE CAN WRITE HIS PLAY.

Lord Dunsany, the well-known Irish Peer and playwright, always uses a quill pen to write his manuscripts; but it is a very special quill, as it is always made from the feather of a wild goose which he himself has shot.



SIR ARTHUR CLARKE.
FOR SAYING THAT NOAH WAS NO SEAMAN, BUT A SHIP-BUILDER.

Captain Sir Arthur Clarke, an Elder Brother of Trinity House (retired), said recently that Noah was a ship-builder who went afloat, but was not a seaman. He is in a position to express an opinion, as he himself first went to sea at the age of fifteen.



LORD COTTESLOE.
FOR FINDING HIS FAMILY OF FIVE CHILDREN KINDLY AND FRIENDLY INSTRUCTORS.

Lord Cottesloe said recently: "In these days one gets education from one's own children, who are very kindly and friendly instructors." He has two sons to instruct him, and also four daughters and a grandson.



MR. VAL GIELGUD.

FOR BEING ONE OF THE B.B.C.'S BRIGHT NEW IDEAS.

Mr. Val Gielgud, the novelist and playwright, has been appointed Productions Director of the British Broadcasting Corporation, and so may perhaps be said to be one of the B.B.C.'s "Bright New Ideas." He is here seen with his wife.



MR. ERIC GILL.

FOR HIS LUCK IN BEING A JUDGE OF FORM AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

Mr. Eric Gill, the sculptor, judged the competitors in the "Health and Strength" Ladies' Physical Culture Display at the King's Hall, National Sporting Club, and awarded the prize of £100. There were many competitors.



MRS. NESTA McDONALD.
FOR BEING THE ONLY WOMAN PIONEER OF THE ALL-CANADIAN ROUTE TO KLONDIKE.

Mrs. Nesta McDonald is the only woman member of the band of pioneers who followed the all-Canadian route to the Klondyke in the rush of the '98. She was eighteen years of age at the time.



MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE.
FOR BUYING 5000 PING-PONG BALLS SO THAT HIS MOTOR-BOAT CAN STAND THE RACKET.

Major Segrave ordered 5000 ping-pong balls to be used in the bulkhead (water-tight compartment) of his motor-boat, with which he hopes to win the water speed record in the United States.



MISS SALE-BARKER.
FOR CARRYING A RESCUED BOY UP AN ICE SLOPE STEEPER THAN THE ROOF OF A HOUSE.

Miss Sale-Barker, the well-known skier, rescued a boy of twelve at Müren. He was helpless with a twisted ankle. The angle of the slope was steeper than the roof of a house.



MR. MARK HAMBOURG.
FOR ENJOYING A CIGAR STUCK INTO A CHERRY-WOOD PIPE.

Mr. Mark Hambourg, the celebrated pianist, is an unconventional smoker at times! He finds that he is able to enjoy a rich and expensive cigar when it is stuck into a cherry-wood pipe. He has not patented this idea!

In the Shires and Elsewhere:



OUT WITH THE COTTESMORE: MRS. DUDLEY COATS (WHO HAD A FALL LAST WEEK) AND MRS. STRAWBRIDGE.



MRS. R. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH.

Snapshots from the Hunting World.



AT THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S AFTER-THE-BALL MEET: MRS. TREVOR HORN (R.) AND LADY PATRICIA WARD.



THE QUORN MEET AT HUNGARTON: MISS MONICA SHERRIFF AND THE HON. MRS. FRED CRIPPS.



LORD FURNESS'S ONLY DAUGHTER: THE HON. AVERIL FURNESS.



THE WEST KENT MEET AT IGHTHAM MOTE: MRS. ARTHUR THOMAS AND MRS. J. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

Mrs. Dudley Coats, the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Willie James, had a hunting accident last week when out with the Cottesmore, and suffered slight concussion.—Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth came to the after-the-ball meet of the Blackmore Vale at Frith House on foot. Although a large number of followers assembled, hunting was impossible that day owing

to the frost.—Lady Patricia Ward is the unmarried daughter of the Earl of Dudley.—The Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps is the wife of Lord Parmoor's younger son.—The Hon. Averil Furness, who hunts with the Quorn, is the only daughter of Lord Furness.—The West Kent met recently at Ightham Mote, near Sevenoaks, the residence of Sir T. Colyer-Fergusson.

Including
Bobbing and
"Speeded-
Up"
Ski-ing :



The
Delights
of
St. Moritz
in Snow
and Sun.



SPEEDING UP THINGS FOR THE SKI-RUNNER :
THE MOTOR-SKI STUNT.

OFF ON A BOB RUN: SIR JOHN HANHAM,
MISS JOAN HAYES, MRS. W. N. STABLE,
MISS CATHERINE HAYES, AND THE HON.
BEN BATHURST.

So far the weather at St. Moritz and the other popular winter-sports resorts has been perfect. Sir John Hanham, who was born in 1898, is the tenth Baronet.—The Hon. Ben Bathurst is the brother of Earl Bathurst; and the Marquess of Donegall is the sixth Marquess, and was born in 1903. He is Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh and Governor of Carrickfergus Castle.—Lady Patricia Moore is the daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, and of Mme. de Landa. She is in her seventeenth year.—The Countess of Portarlington is the wife of the Earl of Portarlington, and was formerly Miss Winifred Youill. A portrait of her by the Marchioness of Queensberry (Miss Cathleen Mann) appears elsewhere in this issue.—Viscount Hastings is the only son of the Earl of Huntingdon. His beautiful wife is a daughter of Marchese Casati.—The "motor-ski" stunt—for experts only—is an innovation in Winter Sportsland.



OFF ON A SKI-ING TRIP: THE MARQUESS OF
DONEGALL (L.) AND A FRIEND.



WITH THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON: LADY PATRICIA
MOORE—AND HER PLAITS.



OFF FOR A SLEIGH RIDE: VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS HASTINGS (R.), WITH
MR. BEIT AND A FRIEND.

From Royal and Centre Courts to Rink and Run for Winter Sports.



ROYAL SKI-ING ENTHUSIASTS: THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS (L.) WITH PRINCESS MARIE-JOSÉ AND MR. ARNOLD LUNN.



AS GRACEFUL ON SKIS AS SHE IS ON THE LAWN-TENNIS COURT: SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ AT ST. MORITZ.



A WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER: MISS EILEEN BENNETT AT ST. MORITZ WITH MR. EVELYN JONES.



ON A LUGE AT SILS MARIA: A CHARMING SNAPSHOT OF MRS. QUINTIN GILBEY.

much enjoying the excellent ski-ing.—Mrs. Quintin Gilbey, who is one of the many sportswomen who enjoy a luge run in the crisp snow and bright sunshine.—[Photographs by S. and G. and C.P.P.]

Enthusiasts for winter-sporting are recruited from every walk of life, and the joys of rink and run draw the Belgian King and Queen from their royal court, and celebrities from the centre courts of the lawn-tennis world, for Señorita de Alvarez and Miss Eileen Bennett have both been at St. Moritz. The King and Queen of the Belgians have their daughter, Princess Marie-José, with them at Mürren, and are

Jazz Ancient and Modern.

By KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

IT seems there are distinctions in jazz as there are distinctions in "straight" music. One jazz form may be as unlike another jazz form as Beethoven is unlike Billy Mayerl. The very term "jazz" is inexact and due to a confusion of thought and an overlapping of intellectual issues. Leaders of what I and my kind have been vulgarly terming jazz bands prefer to speak of their companies as syncopated orchestras, and of their music as orchestral syncopation. Jazz, however, is a convenient and comprehensive word, and therefore still tolerated, in deference to public ignorance, by the expert. There are tendencies, experiments, and melodic shapes in jazz that I and my kind, who have been vulgarly looking on jazz as just jazz, have completely missed. There are the simple jazz of Bud Flipp and the compound jazz of Hoot Gaggle. There is the characteristic interrupted syncopation, commonly called the greenstick-fracture idiom, of Barmy Boobenstein, and there is the inverted fugal sequence known as the dying bootlegger's gurgle, originated by Zany Schnitzpfaffski. People who have made an intelligent study of jazz—that is, all cultured persons who wish to be *au courant* with the intellectual movements of the day—have developed an aural sensitiveness to the nuances of jazz that greatly adds to their appreciation of it. They have only to listen to a few phrases of a jazz composition to place it at once as straight jazz, hot jazz, instantaneous as opposed to time-fuse jazz, or whatever kind of jazz is associated with the school of composers to which it belongs.

have had, with suitable elaborations, straight from the lips of Young Oxford, whenever these are removed from the saxophone on which young Oxford has been practising the curious focal appoggiaturas, known as the Hobo's Hiccough, which form the climax of "I miss the gladsome gulps with which my giggling girlie gobbles." I ventured to intimate to Young Oxford, after three-

of a form that is over-elaborated rather than of one that is under-developed. It is true that the words accompanying the music are mainly puerile and uneducated rubbish, but are they any more puerile and uneducated rubbish than the librettos of serious operas, the appreciation of which is the hall-mark of the cultured? Superior people who put on expressions of cultured pain when the insouciant voice of a coloured gentleman sings—

"Gee ! That baby !
Guess she don't mean
maybe !"—

which is admittedly primitive, will listen with rapt attention to an inflated operatic tenor singing—

"See ! She comes ! What orbs !
What glances gladsome !
Her charms shall ne'er enslave
this heart ; it's had some !".

Rather proud of my ability to like certain forms of jazz, I told Young Oxford that, far from taking a superior attitude in the matter, I considered some modern dance music extremely attractive. It was this naïve remark of mine that began the whole discussion. He invited me to name a specimen of the kind I liked, whereupon I cited "When the Red, Red Robin" and "Bye-bye, Blackbird." Pain overspread the pleasant features of Young Oxford;

he winced perceptibly as he emptied the contents of the saxophone on the drawing-room carpet. "God ! They're positively archaic !"

When I protested that, on the contrary, he must be thinking of something else, as they were hardly two years old, Young Oxford shrank with a groan of anguish into the cushioned depths of his lounge chair.



SHOWING AN AMUSING AND ORIGINAL MIRROR IN A CHINESE FRAME : AN INTERIOR AT THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S VILLA. The Duke of Connaught's beautiful villa, *Les Bruyères*, St. Jean, Cap Ferrat, is delightfully furnished. Our photograph shows a very charming interior, which "features" an amusing arrangement of a mirror in a Chinese frame.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

quarters of an hour of the Hobo's Hiccough, that surely his tutor would expect him to take a rest in vac. after the hard work of keeping abreast of current ideas during term, but was told that, since nobody worked during term you simply had to get your work done in the vac. ; and would I mind not talking for a few minutes, as the Hobo's Hiccough was just coming ?



SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN IN WHICH IT STANDS : LES BRUYÈRES, THE RIVIERA VILLA OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught owns a beautiful villa, *Les Bruyères*, on the Riviera, and invariably spends the winter months there. Our snapshots show the garden and one of the summer-houses which adorn it.—[Photographs by S. and G.]



IN THE GARDENS OF LES BRUYÈRES : A SUMMER-HOUSE ON ONE OF THE LAWNS OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S RIVIERA VILLA.

I have all this straight from the lips of Young Oxford, who is down for the vac., so I know it must be all right. I know very little about these things myself, and I am always glad to get information direct from the seat of learning. It seems right and natural that our academic centres should concentrate and reflect current ideas, and be foremost in implanting new seeds of thought in the human mind. This also I

As a matter of fact, I am not one of those who find all forms of syncopated music a mere hideous and meaningless cacophony. Some of the music that I, in my innocence, used to lump collectively as "jazz" has a very definite character and a very definite attraction. Far from being formless, modern syncopated music has a highly organised form, and the cacophony with which it occasionally afflicts us is the result

I was about to rush for the sal-volatile, when he recovered sufficiently to tell me that a piece of modern dance music was considered *passé* at two months old, breaking up at six months, senile at twelve, and in an advanced stage of decomposition at eighteen. To mention a syncopated melody that had been in vogue two years ago was like telling an indecent story in public. In framing an abject apology, I stated, by way

[Continued on page xiv.]



A FAMILY STUDY.

WITH HER TWIN DAUGHTER, MARY: MRS. EDWARD COMPTON.

Mrs. Edward Compton is the wife of Captain Edward Compton, elder son of the late Lord Alwyne Compton, and is the younger daughter of Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld. Her marriage to Captain Compton took place

in 1918, and she has two sons, Alwyne and Robert, and one daughter, Mary, who is the twin of the elder boy. Captain Compton is the first cousin and heir-presumptive to the Marquess of Northampton.

PORTRAIT STUDY BY MARCUS ADAMS, THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER STREET, W., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



THE CAST OF "THE DUKE OF KILLIECRANKIE": L. TO R., MRS. McCAYNE (MISS BOWES-LYON), McCAYNE (LORD DAVID HAMILTON), A MAID (MISS POORE), MR. Pitt WILBY, M.P. (MR. J. R. BROWN), POSTMAN (LORD NIGEL HAMILTON), LADY HENRIETTA ADDISON (LADY MARGARET HAMILTON), THE DUKE OF KILLIECRANKIE (LORD MALCOLM HAMILTON), AND A MAID (MISS FOX); AND, SEATED, MRS. MULHOLLAND (THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON), AND MISS TOWER, THE STAGE MANAGER.



THE DINNER-PARTY SCENE IN "THE DUKE OF KILLIECRANKIE": L. TO R., LADY HENRIETTA ADDISON (LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS), THE DUKE (LORD MALCOLM HAMILTON), McCAYNE (LORD DAVID HAMILTON), MRS. MULHOLLAND (THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON), AND MR. WILBY (MR. R. BROWN).

LORD GLENTANAR'S PRODUCTION OF "A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL" AT GLENTANAR HOUSE: THE ENTIRE CAST, INCLUDING LORD GLENTANAR (SECOND FROM LEFT), AND THE HON. ALISON AND MARGARET RUTHVEN (DRESSED ALIKE, LEFT CENTRE).



Scotland has been showing great activity of late in the amateur theatrical line, for not only has Lord Glentanar given his annual stage production, but the Duchess of Hamilton and her children, supported by other well-known people, gave performances of "The Duke of Killiecrankie" at Hamilton, and in Glasgow, in aid of the Miners' Relief Fund. — Lord Glentanar's choice this year fell on "A Pantomime Rehearsal," and [Continued opposite.]



"DIE, MAN, DIE!" JACK DEEDES (LORD GLENTANAR, AT PIANO), CAPTAIN TOM ROBINSON (MR. ROGER MONCRIEFFE), LORD ARTHUR POMEROY (MR. TOM COATS), THE HON. LILY EATON-BELGRAVE (MISS LINDLEY), AND THE HON. VIOLET EATON-BELGRAVE (MISS SALLY LINDLEY).

Continued.
he himself took the leading part of Jack Deedes, "barrister-at-law, the gifted author." Lady Glentanar acted, and her sisters, the Misses Thoresen, were also members of the cast. Lord Ruthven's twin daughters, the Hon. Alison and the Hon. Margaret Ruthven, appeared as the Hon. May Russel-Portman and the Hon. Rose Russel-Portman; and the Hon. Pamela Balfour, eldest daughter of Lord Kinross, was Lady Muriel Beauclerc.

DEBRETT ON THE STAGE: AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN SCOTLAND.

Photographs by T.P.A., C.N., and S. and G.

At the Goupil Gallery: Portraits by a Marchioness Artist.



"THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON": BY MISS CATHLEEN MANN (THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY).



"JANE": A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S OWN LITTLE DAUGHTER, LADY JANE DOUGLAS.



"MRS. SUKI": A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN SOCIETY WOMAN IN NATIVE DRESS.



"LADY PATRICIA DOUGLAS": A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S LITTLE STEP-DAUGHTER.

The Marchioness of Queensberry is well known as a portrait-painter, and has exhibited her work at Burlington House, the Grafton Galleries, etc., while she had a show in America some little time ago. Her latest work is on view at the Goupil Galleries, and is shown under her maiden name of Cathleen Mann. Lady

Queensberry is the daughter of an artist, Mr. Harrington Mann, and, in spite of her youth, had already made a name for herself before her marriage to Lord Queensberry. Her present show includes portraits, subject pictures in the modern manner, and flower paintings. Lady Portarlington is the wife of the sixth Earl. Lady Jane and Lady Patricia Douglas are portraits of domestic interest, as the former is Lord and Lady Queensberry's baby daughter, born in 1926, and the latter is Lord Queensberry's little girl by his first marriage.—Mrs. Suki is often in attendance on the Maharajah of Cooch Behar.



IN THE FORMAL GARDEN OF L'HERMITAGE, ANTIBES:
MME. PÉTAIN.



WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE GARDEN: THE DRIVE LEADING
TO MARSHAL PÉTAIN'S LOVELY VILLA.

Marshal Henri-Philippe Pétain is one of the most celebrated of the French soldiers who held high commands in the European War, and has been Inspector-General of the French Army since 1922. It will be remembered that he was in charge of operations in front of Verdun from February to May 1916. He and Mme. Pétain have a beautiful villa at Antibes, in addition to a house in Paris, and our photographs give some idea of the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YEVONDE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

On the Riviera: A Famous French Marshal and his Family.



THE RESIDENCE OF MARSHAL PÉTAIN AND MME. PÉTAIN:
L'HERMITAGE, ANTIBES.



WITH MME. ANTOINETTE LE BONE: MARSHAL AND
MME. PÉTAIN, AT ANTIBES.

charm of the gardens of L'Hermitage, their home at Antibes. Mme. Pétain, who was married in 1920, was formerly Mme. Hardon.



THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON: LADY MARIAN KEITH CAMERON.

A DESCENDANT OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S DISPENSATOR.

Lady Marian Keith Cameron is the youngest of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon. Her marriage to Captain Patrick Keith Cameron took place in 1918, and she has one small son, born in 1919. Lady Marian and her sisters, Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick and the Countess of Kilmorey, are very well known and popu-

lar in London Society, and go about a great deal. They come of a very ancient family, as their father is the fourteenth Earl of Huntingdon, and the Hastings family trace their descent to Sir William de Hastings, Kt., whose ancestor, Patrick de Hastings, was Dispensator to William the Conqueror.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

OUR SHORT STORY:

BLACKMAIL.

By M. N. THOMAS.

THE bright afternoon sunshine, filtering through the grimy window, lit up the interior with a subdued radiance. Dust danced in the slanting beams of light, and in a corner, bending over a bundle of clothes, an old man could be seen, fingering, sorting, fingering; sorting. . . .

A canary in a wicker cage strung to the ceiling suddenly burst into song. Old Mose straightened himself with difficulty, the red tassel from his smoking-cap swinging across his eyes like the pendulum of a clock. "Here—you," he threatened. The canary, perched on the topmost spar, looked at him with beady eyes. Then, cocking its little yellow head, it gave vent to one shrill trill, as though to assert its independence, before finally settling down once more into the sanded obscurity at the bottom of the cage. Old Mose jabbered.

The door was pushed open, and a small, stout woman, greasy of face and hair, staggered into the room, bearing in her short arms an enormous bundle. Mose hurried forward. "Good day?" he said, but it was a question, not a salutation.

Rebecca let the package drop to the floor. With one hand she closed the door, with the other she pushed her hat to the back of her head. Then she nodded. Deftly Mose slipped the string from the paper. "Where you get them?" he demanded, as he shook out first a jacket, then a coat.

"Pete," his wife replied. "Doctor give him them only yesterday—good thing Rebecca called."

Old Mose lowered his spectacles from his forehead to his nose and stood at the window. "Jacket's shining at back," he pronounced. "How much you give, Rebecca?"

"Two pound, Mose."

He cried out as though struck. "Two pound? Ach! Are you mad, Rebecca?"

His wife removed a paper bag from the mantelpiece and shook a generous quantity of tea-leaves from it into a brown pot before replying, "For the lot, Mose."

Her husband bent down amongst the clothes again, feeling their texture with practised fingers. "Ve vill never get anything like vot you give," he grumbled. "And vell you know ve have no demand for overcoats . . ."

"Abe's wantin' one—he's gettin' married."

"Then he's wantin' no coat."

Rebecca, unmoved, stirred her tea and sucked a hollow tooth.

"Strikes me Pete's had wear out this coat."

"Pete only got 'em yesterday."

"Doctor don't wear them as shabby as this—don't tell me—*couldn't*," Old Mose declared.

"Well, wot 'ave you done—anything?" his wife demanded, suddenly aggressive.

Old Mose looked up and chuckled. "Red dress gone, Rebecca."

"How much?"

Not for the fraction of a second did he pause. "Seven-and-six."

Rebecca grunted. "Bad bargain, Mose."

"Not so bad, Rebecca."

Suddenly he started. His hand, stealing through the pockets of the jacket, had come

in contact with something. Furtively he glanced at Rebecca. She saw him look up and demanded what he had found.

"Lining's gone, I do believe," he muttered.

"I'll stitch it this night, and press it up."

"You'll 'ave to—it needs it sore."

When the shop-bell rang he allowed his wife to attend, glad of the chance to examine his find, which proved to be a letter. Several times he had discovered articles in pockets—handkerchiefs, powder-puffs, stamps, and sometimes, on very rare occasions, coins, but never letters. He licked his fingers as he drew the thick white paper from the square envelope, which was addressed to Dr. Johnstone-Rennie, of Queen Anne Street. The large, generous handwriting was easy to decipher, and ran—

DARLING.—You must take me away. I can't bear it any longer. I keep thinking and thinking of the glorious time we had together at Easter, and longing so to be with you again. I never knew it would be like this. Oh, darling, I do love you so. Write to me and say you will. Don't telephone, for you know who might answer.

Your own loving,

DEARHEART ALICE.

Old Mose read it twice, then slowly and deliberately he nodded his head. So it had come at last—a way to make a good, fat deal. He would not tell Rebecca—dear no! It was a husband's way to deceive his spouse. He chuckled a good deal over that as he put the letter carefully into his innermost pocket, and rubbed his hands. Pete was never tired of telling them stories of his master and his wife Gloria, only daughter of Samuel Sanders, the Rubber King. Ofttimes he had heard him speak of the big swells that came to the house—ladies of wealth, title, and distinction. Perhaps this one was some Duchess! Well, when he—Moses Levinstein—had finished with Dr. Johnstone-Rennie, he would leave him a poorer but more careful man.

Rebecca's sudden entry startled him out of his reverie. She was so angry, however, with some painted imp who had made her turn out all her modes only to hear they were "out of dye" that she did not remark on the strangeness of her husband's almost feverish desire to go down the street and see what kind of a show old Ma Pitt had in her window.

As he ascended the broad steps of the slim-looking house in Queen Anne Street and rang the bell, Mose felt a strange feeling of elation creep over him. When next he trod these steps he might be a rich man. . . . The door swung back as though by magic, and the butler, immaculate and forbidding, advanced with head in air. Old Mose "tee-heed" nervously. The butler's gaze descended. He forgot himself sufficiently to bite his lip, and prepared to close the door. But Mose was too quick. A cracked patent-leather boot was inserted.

"Pete!"

The plump white hand of the butler pushed against the thin, black-clad chest of the Jew. "You can't come here—like this—go."

Old Mose looked up. "'Aven't come to see you—open the door vider, ef you please, Mr. Butler—'ave come to see the Doctor."

The butler looked still more apprehensive. "Go," he wheedled; "Dr. Johnstone-Rennie doesn't see the like of you. Besides," he added a second later, "he's not at home."

Old Mose edged in a little closer. "I can vait, Pete, am good at vaitin'—you must say—"

A bell rang. The butler started. In a moment old Mose was in the hall seated on a high, carved chair, with his feet swinging over a Persian rug. A woman wafted past, leaving a scent of violets. The butler threw open the door, and Old Mose, his gaze sheepishly following her, saw her pass down the steps and into a long, low grey car.

"Is that the Missis?" he whispered.

The butler addressed a plaque above his head. "That was the Honourable Alice Darbury."

Old Mose laughed, and his laugh was like a croak. The butler looked around anxiously. "Are you going quiet?" he asked.

Old Mose wriggled further back in his chair. "Doctor's in, and I vill see him. It's business, Pete, *urgent*—understand? He'll *vant* to see me, I can tell you."

The butler bent his head. "It—it's nothing about these things I gave Rebecca?" he faltered.

"Nothing."

His sigh was almost inaudible. "Come back later," he coaxed, "and I'll try and see—"

"No. I'm waiting. Tell the Doctor—it's *urgent*, Pete. He'll be no end angry if you—"

A door opened somewhere. The butler hurried forward.

Dr. Johnstone-Rennie was a vigorous, striking-looking man, with good features, and a cynical, slightly crooked smile. His glance was penetrating, and there were puckering crow's-feet at the corners of his tired eyes. An astute observer could have told he was a surgeon from his clever, long-fingered hands. He looked up as his strange visitor entered the room, and his eyebrows remained raised for some moments, as was an unconscious habit of his when surprised.

"You wish to see me? I understand it is *urgent*." He studied the old Jew attentively, then his watch. "I can give you exactly seven minutes."

Old Mose looked round the room. "We are alone?" he began.

Dr. Johnstone-Rennie almost started. "Certainly—*quite*," he added, as though to reassure not only his visitor, but himself.

Old Mose felt in his jacket. "I vill get to the point at vonce. I come about this letter." He drew it from his pocket. "Do you recognise?" He held it up between finger and thumb. The other man let out a low whistle. Old Mose nodded with relish. "I thought so," he said.

Dr. Johnstone-Rennie rose to his feet so suddenly that some of the papers on his desk were brushed to the floor. "And how, may I inquire, did you come by it?" he demanded.

[Continued on page xii.]



HAS ANYBODY LOST A BABY AUSTIN? OOLOO ASKS.

Ooloo, the new "Sketch" and Studdy creation, is a keen sportsman, but, like a certain number of the old-fashioned hunting people, does not always appreciate motor traffic.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDY.



THE ODD MAN OUT.

FROM THE PICTURE BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE ARTIST LOVER: MR. A. W. BASKCOMB AS PETER PETTIGREW.

Mr. A. W. Baskcomb's inimitable drollery is displayed to great advantage in his latest rôle—that of the artist Peter Pettigrew in "Song of the Sea," at His Majesty's. Peter and Blake, the Admiral's courier, are rivals in love for Kitty, the charming model whose lovely back had been immortalised by Pettigrew.

FROM THE PICTURE BY WELLS.



THE ALL-AGE STAKES: . . . EVERY

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE



YONE A TRIER AT ST. MORITZ!

E SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNYS.



HORSE SENSE.

THE NOVICE: "Wonder why he keeps on shaking?"

THE EXPERT: "Dunno. P'raps it's his way of laughing."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY BERT THOMAS.

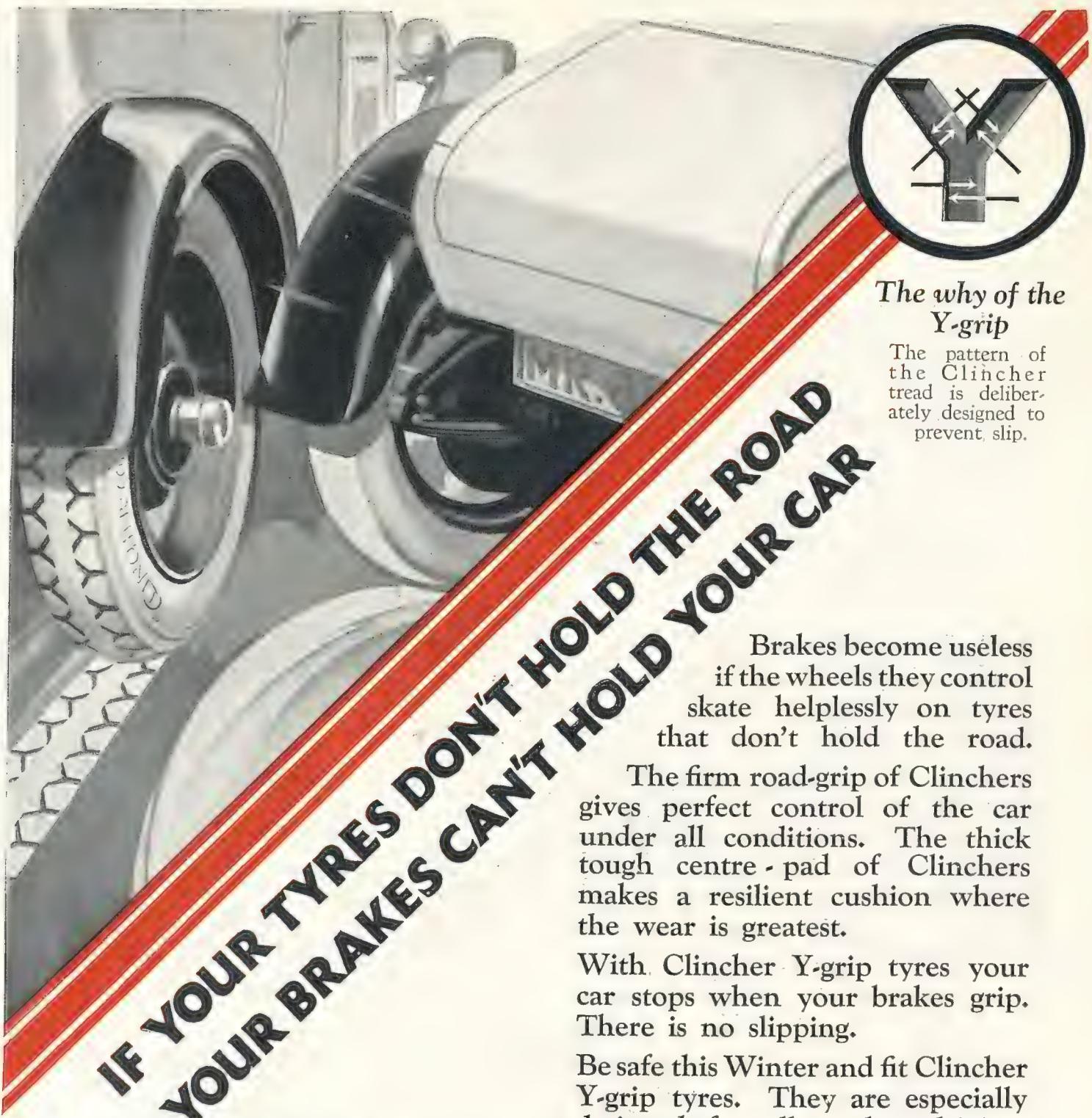
"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"



Player's
Please



PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 for 6^d - 20 for 11^{1/2}^d



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CORINNE TRIES TO 'VAMP' "THE TIGER," ARCHIE CLUTTER :
MISS MARY GLYNNE AND MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY.

The Vengeance of the Man from Cayenne:



"THE
TIGER"
RETURNS TO
CLAIM HIS
FORTUNE :
CORINNE
(MARY
GLYNNE)
WAKENED BY
ARCHIE
CLUTTER
(DENNIS
NEILSON-
TERRY).



CORINNE IS NOT QUITE QUICK ENOUGH : MAUNG H'LA (GEORGE CARR)
FINDS THE DANCER (MARY GLYNNE) BURNING A LETTER FOR ELIZABETH
CLUTTER.



CORINNE GIVES INSTRUCTIONS TO MAUNG H'LA ABOUT THE TWO GLASSES :
MISS MARY GLYNNE AND MR. GEORGE CARR.

"No Other Tiger," the thrilling murder and mystery novel by A. E. W. Mason, has now been dramatised by its author, and was recently produced at the St. James's, with Miss Mary Glynne and Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry in the leading parts. The opening of the play is different from that of the novel, as the scene is set at the Court of Assize at Grenoble, and Archie Clutter is condemned to penal servitude in Cayenne. The action is continued in London in 1927, and Corinne the dancer is shown scheming to arrange an "accidental" death for her rich friend, Mrs. Clutter, by the substitution of a glass of disinfectant for a sleeping draught. She makes one mistake—the Oriental servant sees her destroy a letter from Roussencq

"No Other Tiger," at the St. James's.



CORINNE PAYS
THE PENALTY:
ARCHIE CLUTTER
(DENNIS NEILSON-
TERRY) AND
GASPARD
ROUSSENCQ (ALEC
CHENTRENS)
MURDER THE
DANCER
(MARY GLYNNE).



THE END OF CORINNE, WHO THOUGHT TO ROB "THE TIGER":
ARCHIE CLUTTER (DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY) TAKES VENGEANCE
ON THE DANCER (MARY GLYNNE).



A PERILOUS MOMENT: L. TO R., GASPARD (ALEC CHENTRENS),
LADY ARIADNE (DOROTHY TURNER), AND ARCHIE CLUTTER
(DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY).



"THE TIGER" MEETS HIS END: L. TO R., LADY ARIADNE (DOROTHY TURNER), COLONEL
STRICKLAND (FRANK FREEMAN), AND ARCHIE CLUTTER (DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY).

for her friend; but the plan seems to succeed, and she is left £40,000 in trust for Archie Clutter when he regains his freedom. Corinne and her lover spend the money, but Archie Clutter—"The Tiger"—returns for his inheritance. Lady Ariadne Ferne, who believes Corinne to be an innocent girl, unjustly persecuted, tries to save her; but Corinne betrays her friend, and it is only by the courage and devotion of Colonel Strickland that Lady Ariadne is saved. Corinne pays the penalty for her murder and theft—for, though she tries to "vamp" Archie Clutter, there is no mercy in "The Tiger's" heart when he hears that his heritage has vanished, and he hangs the dancer as he would a dog.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

SHOWING THE
WHITE ENAMELLED
PIANO, THE BARE
POLISHED FLOOR,
AND FEELING OF
SPACE :
MISS FLORENCE
VIDOR—MME.
JASCHA HEIFETZ—
IN HER MUSIC-
ROOM.



WITH A GOLDEN
CANOPY ON A
SLATE-GREY WALL :
MISS FLORENCE
VIDOR'S BED-ROOM,
WITH DIVAN BEDS
ON DAIS FIXTURES,
AND NEW-STYLE
DOORS.



THE SCREEN STAR WIFE OF A NOTED VIOLINIST AT HOME.

Miss Florence Vidor, the Paramount player, is one of the best-known and most popular of picture stars. She is also the wife of a celebrated violinist, as it will be remembered that her marriage to M. Jascha Heifetz took place last year. Miss Vidor—as might be expected—has a wonderful house in America, and has decorated and furnished it in the modern manner. Her music-room has that air

of spaciousness which present-day fashion decrees. The arched windows have purple chiffon curtains, the piano is enamelled snow-white, and the divan below the painting is brilliant yellow; while the lacquer screens which flank it are black-and-gold. The table and chairs beside Miss Vidor in our photograph are black and lacquer-red, so there is plenty of colour in the decorations. The bed-room illustrates

(Continued on opposite page.)



BESIDE THE GEOMETRIC PERFUME-STAND IN HER MARBLE BATH-ROOM, WITH ITS INVISIBLE PLUMBING: MISS FLORENCE VIDOR
(MME. JASCHA HEIFETZ).

IN HER MODERN "GEOMETRICAL" BATH-ROOM: MISS FLORENCE VIDOR.

Continued.

the latest form of bed, for the couches are arranged on raised dais fixtures, and are covered with plain satin spreads of deep magenta-red bound in black velvet; while the canopy, draped against the slate-grey walls, is of glimmering gold. The cushion trimmed with leopard-skin should also be noted. The bath-room is one of the features of the modern house which receive the greatest attention from architects

and decorators, and Miss Florence Vidor, naturally, has the most attractive and up-to-date bath-room imaginable. All the plumbing arrangements are concealed beneath marble floors and walls of deep sapphire-blue, while the cylindrical black-lacquer dressing-table and geometric perfume-stand complete the details of a dressing-room which would compare favourably with the luxury of classic times.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.

I.

"THE LADY WITH A LAMP," AT THE ARTS THEATRE CLUB.

THIS remarkable play—which deals with a period through the medium of a great personality—is shortly to be presented for a West-End run, after a most successful trial at the Arts Theatre Club. I shall therefore reserve my criticism of it for that production.

J. T. G.

II.

THE ACTING IN "GLAMOUR."

WHEN I reviewed young Mr. Emlyn Williams's play now running at the Court, the Christmas pressure was on, and I found no space to speak of the acting. Yet it deserves mention, for in a small



THE PRINCIPAL BOY OF "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," AT THE LYCEUM: MISS DOROTHY SEACOMBE.

Miss Dorothy Seacombe is the charming principal boy of "Beauty and the Beast," the pantomime at the Lyceum. Recently she has been turning her attention to the "silent stage," and is featured in "The Third Eye," which had its first showing last week.—[Photograph by Frank Davis.]

cast it revealed four talented people—three novices and one all too rarely seen in London. The last is Miss Mary Dibley, and she gave a characteristic performance of the somewhat hard and haughty music-hall star who, at the zenith of her career, strives with might and main to withstand the young generation in the person of Miss Betty Hardy. Miss Hardy's débüt is remarkable in more ways than one. New to the stage, she possesses all the secrets of technique, yet never lets it obtrude. She plays the little Welsh girl bent on the conquest of London in all the freedom of youth and a fervent nature. She literally oozes ambition combined with tender feelings for the boy (excellently and naturally played by the author, Mr. Emlyn Williams) who is her comrade, her lover, her fellow-climber to "Wuthering Heights," but the weaker vessel of the two. So she humours and she mothers him, and when the boy is about to give in, she rejects a rich man's proposal in order that a strong hand should for ever guide him through life. It was a charming, and at times moving, performance of a young girl richly endowed with humour and emotional power. Another surprisingly clever piece of acting was the maid of Miss Monica Stracey. At first we thought that this pert little creature who, in her 'teens, seemed to carry the experience of a lifetime was a French *femme de chambre*—her manner was exotic, her accent perfect. Then suddenly a

few ripe Cockney remarks fell from her lips, and we discovered that this *Frangaise* was as English as you make them, with an eye to the main chance. It was an excellent make-believe accentuated by a suavity of manner and speech which coined every line into a meaning of ironic humour. Miss Stracey, as well as the other three players mentioned, deserves to be "picked up" by a manager in quest of fresh talent. It is not often that we encounter a quartet of such promising newcomers in a single production.

J. T. G.

"THE ETERNAL FLAME," AT THE COURT.

"DON'T take too much hay on your pitchfork," is a Dutch saying which would apply to Mr. C. Watson Mill, the author of "The Eternal Flame," and, I can hardly believe it, of many successful melodramas. For, had I not been told this, I would have treated his play under the probation act, for, from start to finish, the touch of the 'prentice, and not the master's, hand was evident. I dare say that the intentions of the author were lofty; in the first act there was much high-sounding palaver on Darwin, Schopenhauer, heredity, and other would-be philosophical stuff between a curious *savant*, a Dean, an ex-soldier, a cynic, and a young man. It was all very superficial, but amusing in a way, and we were expectant. Then the young man got up and ominously referred to a strange occurrence in his life. We hoped for a weird revelation; but he merely told us that his wife was going to have a baby. Anon there was a cry from the adjacent room, and there appeared a cat-burglar, looking so uncommonly like a man-ape that we shouldered our disappointment of the baby and hoped for some dramatic development of Darwinian theories and evolution.

But again our expectancy was blighted, and for all excitement we got the painful revelation that the burglar was the illegitimate son of the *savant* and his wife's Irish lady's-maid, and that, in return for his freedom, he would turn over a new leaf. That first act lasted nearly an hour and left us wearied, yet not despairing. But from the second act onward the tale became so entirely complicated, so unreal, so overloaded with commonplace incident and parlance that we could not help smiling to while away the time. The climax of anti-climax was reached when the last act transferred us to Westminster Abbey, where the *savant* (who had meanwhile died), and the burglar (who had been knifed) foregathered spiritually with Darwin (looking like General Booth No. 1), Cromwell, a few other spectres wallowing in darkness, and an "Unknown Soldier" who delivered an anti-war harangue. It was so odd that it was saved from profanity; but we were quite flummoxed. What did it all mean? What was the author driving at? Above all, what did Leamington—where it was first produced—see in the play? Among the dramatic curios in my memory, it takes the proverbial cake. And yet I feel a little sorry, for, when all is said, the good; the lofty intentions were apparent, but ran to waste because the author's imagination merely evolved chaos from material that, in a more discriminating texture, might have crystallised into a thrilling melodrama—maybe into a psychological study of Darwinism applied to the being of the burglar.

That the actors were as much amazed by what they had to say as we were in hearing it was proved by their struggles with their words. Even Mr. Fisher White, that powerful stage orator, drifted at sea, and for once his son, Hilary Fisher White, who seems a very earnest young actor, scored off his father. Others also who worked hard and made a little impression were Mr. Harry Morton, the Dean; Mr. Walter Scholfield, as the Cynic; Miss Moyna Macgill, as "the ghost of the burglar's

mother" in the Abbey; and especially Miss Marie Dainton, who, as the burglar's wife, struck the one note of pathos of the afternoon; while Mr. Fred O'Donovan was most interesting as the ape-than until the author turned him into a common or garden burglar as per transpontine melodrama pattern.

J. T. G.

IV.

"THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK," AT THE EVERYMAN.

I HAVE seen my late friend J. K. Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back" many a time, yet I never miss a chance of seeing it again, in whatever corner of the world I meet it. I enjoy it as I do a fairy-tale or a fable. It rings the human note of "to understand is to forgive." It makes the world feel kin, and, coming at Christmas, it stimulates the spirit of peace and good-will. We all felt that at Hampstead; and happily there were many of us, so we listened in silence until the last curtain fell, when, in the fervour of the applause, I seemed to hear the ring of "O Sanctissima!"

The performance was attuned to the nature of the play; it was simple, it was well balanced, it was human. It is difficult to follow Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson in the part of the Stranger—a monument of histrionic perfection and ethereal conception; but Mr. Henry Hallatt was a worthy successor—a dignified figure with an earnest, impressive mien; a fine, persuasive voice; a distant, dignified, yet suave manner. Fine, too, was the painted lady of Miss Una O'Connor; and her transformation from gaudiness to sedate and submissive spinsterdom was not merely one of aspect but of inwardness. The little slavey of Miss Sheila MacEvoy was an adorable



A FAMOUS COMEDIAN IN THE NEW "EDGAR WALLACE" AT THE SHAFTESBURY: MR. BILLY MERSON AS "THE LAD," WITH MISS DOROTHY DIX AS ELMA AND MR. W. CRONIN WILSON AS MAJOR GRANITE.

Mr. Billy Merson plays the title rôle in "The Lad," the new Edgar Wallace crook comedy recently produced at the Shaftesbury. He is pictured above engaging the Prison Governor, Major Granite, in conversation. The Major thinks that "The Lad" is a private detective, and does not realise that he has only just left prison!

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

creature; she played the part with heart and soul, and at times a strange light of beatitude shone in her eyes. Among the other inhabitants of the boarding-house the Jew of Mr. Roger Maxwell was remarkable for his raciness chastened by restraint.

J. T. G.

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THE PATRICIAN LADY'S BATH: A SCENE FROM CLASSIC
ROME IN "WAYS TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY."

AFTER THE FRIGIDARIUM, OR ROMAN COLD BATH:
THE PATRICIAN LADY AT HER TOILET.

"WAYS TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY"—VIA THE FILM SOCIETY.

The Film Society's latest programme included a production of a notable German Ufa picture, "Ways to Health and Beauty." This is a highly decorative and beautiful film, with an educational message, as it actually gives instruction to those interested in physical culture in addition to providing a series of well-posed classical scenes. The picture was directed by Mr. Prager; and Professor Dr. August Kosteer, Director of the old Berlin Museum, took an active part in the production. Many of

the dances and poses are photographs of the exercises of the Dr. Bessie Mensendieck School of Physical Culture; and the artists who took the various rôles include well-known members of German society, and a distinguished concert singer. The film is an example of the present-day German preoccupation with physical culture and the ideal of strength and fitness, and it has considerable classical beauty as well as educational value.



A Great Unknown.

Many English readers are familiar with references to the name of Henri Beyle, better known as Stendhal, and cannot have failed to be impressed by the number of tributes paid to his work by eminent modern artists in fiction. But few, I fancy, have had the curiosity to explore Stendhal's work for themselves. I do not suppose that even his most famous book, "La Chartreuse de Parme"—a classic extremely well known in France—is known to a great many English readers. Mr. Lytton Strachey has said that "in the whole of French literature it would be difficult to point to a figure at once so important, so remarkable, and so little known to English readers as Henri Beyle."

Messrs. Chatto and Windus therefore do a public service in undertaking an English translation of Stendhal's major works. Five volumes have now appeared, and a number of others are in preparation; like everything which comes from this publishing house, they are produced in the most agreeable taste, and give pleasure to the eye as well as to the mind. When I add that the translator-in-chief is Mr. C. K. Scott Moncrieff, I hope that a good many readers will see in this series, or at least some of it, an indispensable recruit to their libraries. The price is moderate—7s. 6d. per volume, the two big novels, "La Chartreuse de Parme" and "Le Rouge et le Noir," running to two volumes each. Of course, those who can will prefer to read the originals; but even so they will not easily find in French as handsome and as serviceable an edition as this. I have by me a French edition (about twenty years old, I am bound to admit) of "Le Rouge et le Noir"; it is so vilely bound and printed that it is an intolerable penance for ordinary eyes to cope with it. This is too often true of French books, even classics; indeed, the wretched standard of book-production and printing in France is a reproach to a nation which prides itself on its taste and intelligence.

Bores and Crystals.

Stendhal's life is unlike that of most great French

writers in that he spent the greater part of it out of France. Throughout his life and writings he maintained (for a Frenchman) a singularly detached attitude towards his own countrymen, and was, on the whole, far more sympathetic to the spirit of Italy, where he lived for many years, partly from choice, partly in the course of his duties as a consul. He found the French temperamentally *vain*, and in "Le Rouge et le Noir" shrewdly satirised this element in their character; but, what is a shock to our traditional conception of the *esprit gaulois*, he also found them a *boring* people. He describes them as "a collection of virtuous persons, good citizens, excellent fathers of families, good business

The Literary Lounger. By Alan Kemp.

men; but *that is all*: the French people are a *boring* people (*un peuple ennuyeux*)."
If that was the Frenchman of the early nineteenth century (Stendhal lived from 1783 to 1842), he must have greatly changed; for I conceive that the Parisian of to-day could tolerate almost any accusation rather than that of being a bore. And indeed, he isn't.

Most probably the *ennui* was in Stendhal himself. It is an affliction which commonly visits amorous; and Stendhal was a great and professed amorous. The single word "Amo" was the epitaph which he chose for himself. One of his earlier works,

winter weather. Two or three months later, it is brought up again, covered with sparkling crystals; the tiniest shoots, no larger than the foot of a tomtit, are adorned with an infinity of dazzling diamonds, full of darting lights; it is impossible to recognise the original branch. This "crystallisation" is what takes place in the mind which, in all that it observes, discovers that the beloved object possesses new perfections.

"A Melancholy of Mine Own."

His writings were numerous and versatile. Music, drama, painting, and architecture all engaged his attention. His studies of Haydn, Mozart, and Rossini are, I believe, excellent both in biography and criticism, but of them I cannot speak with any first-hand knowledge. He wrote a history of Italian painting, a critical study of Racine and Shakespeare, and a work, said to be of great interest and charm, on "Rome, Naples, and Florence in 1817," republished in 1826 in an enlarged and revised form. Everything he wrote was distinguished by a style of great amplitude and flexibility. His end was sudden: a year after he had returned to Paris he died in the street of apoplexy, at the age of fifty-nine. A French edition of many unpublished manuscripts, bequeathed to the Library of Grenoble, has been in course of preparation since 1912.

The two most famous novels, "Le Rouge et le Noir" (1831) and "La Chartreuse de Parme" (1839), were not published until late in his life; but in 1827 he had written "Armance." I opened Mr. Scott Moncrieff's translation of this tale with some curiosity, for it was quite unknown to me—indeed, to be candid, I had never heard of it, for which I feel no great shame, for in the well-read French household where I happen to be writing these lines I find that the same ignorance prevails. "Armance" is a queer, and, on the whole, a poor book. In form, it has all Stendhal's resource, but in matter it is, at all events to the taste of this generation, almost intolerably tedious. The morbid, introspective, fantastical love-affair between Octave de Malivert and Armance de Zohiloff exhausts the patience of a normal mind, and it is impossible to feel real interest in the question whether Octave does or does not marry Armance, and does or does not commit suicide imme-

dately after he has done so. Seldom has one encountered a love affair so tortuously artificial. I believe the book is ranked lowest in Stendhal's work by French critics, and I could not help regretting a little that Mr. Scott Moncrieff's labours and talents had been expended upon it. It cannot hope to commend itself to present-day English taste. As a curiosity of literature, however, it has a certain interest. It represents the early-nineteenth-century Byronic cult of picturesquely melancholy youth—a cult which was to exercise an influence for many years, and which filled our literature with much affected, lachrymose nonsense. I cannot commend this particular volume for its intrinsic interest.

(Continued overleaf.)



A STAGE FAVOURITE BRIDE OF THE WEEK WITH HER MOTHER: MISS ENID STAMP-TAYLOR, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. SYDNEY COLTON TOOK PLACE ON THURSDAY, JAN. 10. The marriage of Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, the well-known stage favourite, and Mr. Sydney Colton took place on Thursday, Jan. 10, at Marylebone Register Office, and was followed by a religious ceremony at the Savoy Chapel. The bride and bridegroom left later in the day for Paris, but the honeymoon will be a short one, as Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor is

starring in a film, and does not intend to give up her work.

Portrait by Janet Jevons.

published in 1822, was "De l'Amour": it is translated in Messrs. Chatto and Windus's series by Mr. Vyvyan Holland; but despite the best of Mr. Holland's very good offices, it remains a tedious and affected work. The emotions of love were to Stendhal intensely and somewhat preciously poignant both in their sweets and their bitters. Here is one of his most rhapsodical passages, concerning the mind of the lover—it is not uncharacteristic of the lively decoration of his style—

Watch a lover's mind working for twenty-four hours, and this is what you will find: in the mines of Salzburg, they sometimes throw into the depths of an abandoned pit the branch of a tree, stripped of its leaves by

Continued.]

but Messrs. Chatto and Windus's enterprise, as a whole, is admirable, and, if you get nothing else, I think you will find much delight in "The Charterhouse of Parma" and "Scarlet and Black."

Saviours and the Mob. When I read the printed, and presumably the well-weighed, words of a writer of distinction, and am unable to attach any clear meaning to them, I am always ready to admit that this is due to a defect of understanding in myself. Since I have a sincere respect for Miss Clemence Dane's talents, especially her dramatic talent, I have read the preface to her "Adam's Opera" with due humility of mind and all anxiety to understand; but I am forced to the conclusion that it and the curious semi-dramatic, semi-lyrical farrago which follows it are nothing but muddled thinking and muddled writing. This is, we are told, "an attempt to translate into terms of the theatre an impression of the period which directly succeeded that awakening which we call 'the war.'" Miss Dane believes that the "saviour," the great and idealistic mind "ahead of its time," the splendid and tragic Despised and Rejected, is a recurrent phenomenon in human Progress. And the saviour may be sadly mistaken; he may be a mere pseudo-saviour, like President Wilson (who seems to be the "only begetter" of Miss Dane's thesis). Such he is apt to be in a topsy-turvy post-war world, and modern life thus becomes "a gigantic mob with single figures raised for a moment on the shoulders of the mob, only to tumble back into the mob and be trampled bloodily into the earth beneath the feet of the mob." Originally Miss Dane had thought of this as a tragic theme, but for some very inadequately explained reason it became "not a tragic but a comedic impression" reminiscent, for a still more unexplained reason, of a nursery tale. Hence the tale of Adam, the "saviour" and searcher after beauty, is woven round the story of Prince Charming and the Sleeping Beauty.

Anarchy of the Fantastic. There is a shadowy basis for a symbolic fantasy, and the result is neither tragedy nor comedy nor fable, but an ill-assorted blend of Maeterlinck, Barrie, and Lewis Carroll. Some writers in the fantastic vein seem to imagine themselves dispensed from all laws of synthesis, logic, and coherence. This is the impression left by "Adam's Opera": it seems to follow no intelligible plan whatever, and large parts of it appear to have no *raison d'être* except that they have been suggested by a chance word or phrase used by one of the characters. When all else fails, the play upon words serves the turn. For example, one of the characters is called "Nobody." We get this kind of thing—

ADAM. Hullo! Who are you?

NOBODY. Nobody.

ADAM. You're a poor pinched ha'porth of misery, aren't you? Who looks after you?

NOBODY. Nobody.

ADAM. Who's your father?

NOBODY. Nobody.

ADAM. Well, you've someone to care for you, haven't you?—someone to care for, eh?

NOBODY. No, no, no! Nobody!

And so on, for pages, not once, but several times. Stripped of its pretensions, that sort of nonsense is no better than the punning of a provincial pantomime.

Much of the more serious verse is

good and strong, but the same cannot be said of the lighter interludes in verse, which seek to make up by mere repetition for lack of humour. I must be one of many readers

the solid human stuff of "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Regiment of Women." It is, of course, her own business whether she aspires to Olympus; but I cannot think that she will be so much missed there as on the English (non-operatic) stage, which cries out for such artists as she is capable of being.

A Pioneer of Thrills. I see Mr. Augustine Birrell

has been saying that of all Prime Ministers that he can remember, none has gone up and down the country saying so many interesting things on so many interesting subjects as Mr. Baldwin. Among those interesting subjects is literature. It is not long since the late and neglected Mary Webb received a deserved if tardy "boost" from this influential critic; and now Mr. Baldwin has pronounced Anna K. Green's "The Leavenworth Case" as "one of the best detective stories ever written." The enterprise and promptitude of Messrs. Gollancz has produced an edition at 3s. 6d.; and it is well worth that amount, and double, of anybody's money. The book was quite unknown to me, and I read it with unflagging interest. I am not quite sure of its date, but various references make it clear that it cannot have been later than the 'eighties, and I think it was rather earlier—a precursor, I should guess, rather than a contemporary, of the youthful Sherlock.

A detective story without telephone, motor-cars, wireless, or finger-prints! But all the more on that account a pleasant change, and distinctly a novelty after one has been drenched in so many refinements of modern criminal science. The plot is complicated but well developed, the secret sufficiently well kept, though it is a weakness that comparatively early a "hot" clue is given to the identity of the criminal by the fact that he too obviously tries to throw suspicion on another. What surprised me most was the style. I had not realised that as recently as the 'seventies or 'eighties they wrote like this—

Laying her cheek against the pallid brow of her dead benefactor, she kissed the clay-cold lips softly, wildly, agonisedly, then, leaping to her feet, cried in a subdued but thrilling tone: "Could I do that if I were guilty?

Would not the breath freeze on my lips, the blood congeal in my veins, the life faint away at my heart? Son of a father loved and reverenced, can you believe me to be a woman stained with crime when I can do this?"

I fear the modern taste in detective fiction will find it difficult to accept this pomposity of style, which surely was very old-fashioned even fifty years ago! I could not quite see, with all respect to the Prime Minister, the affinity to Poe: Wilkie Collins would be a nearer analogy. But get the book; it is a good yarn, interesting both as a curiosity and as an excitement. The character-work is sound, if occasionally strident.

Up the Pole. I must candidly confess, at the cost of being placed beyond the pale by all right-thinking men, to being one who cannot work himself into a state of feverish enthusiasm about polar explorations.

[Continued on page xiv.]



THE WINNER OF THE £100 PRIZE AT THE "HEALTH AND STRENGTH" LADIES' PHYSICAL CULTURE DISPLAY: MISS ELLEN MACKERSIE, WITH MR. ALBERT TOFT.

Miss Ellen Mackersie won the first prize of £100 at the "Health and Strength" Ladies' Physical Culture display at King's Hall, National Sporting Club. Mr. Toft is the distinguished sculptor.

Photograph by T.P.A.

who heartily wish that Miss Clemence Dane, despite her undoubted poetic gift, would for a while forsake the misty realms which now seem to attract her, and give us again



AT WORK ON HER PORTRAIT OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, LADY JANE DOUGLAS: THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY (MISS CATHLEEN MANN).

The Marchioness of Queensberry is well known as an artist, and is holding an exhibition of her work at the Goupil Galleries, under her maiden name of Miss Cathleen Mann. Some of the pictures on view will be found reproduced elsewhere in this issue. Above we give a photograph of Lady Queensberry at work on the portrait of her baby daughter, Lady Jane Douglas. The picture is exhibited at the Goupil under the title of "Jane."—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

The Works of Stendhal. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff and Others. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d. per vol.)

Adam's Opera, By Clemence Dane. (Heinemann; 6s.) The Leavenworth Case. By Anna K. Green. (Gollancz; reprint; 3s. 6d.)

The Tragedy of the "Italia." By Davide Giudici. (Benn; 12s. 6d.)

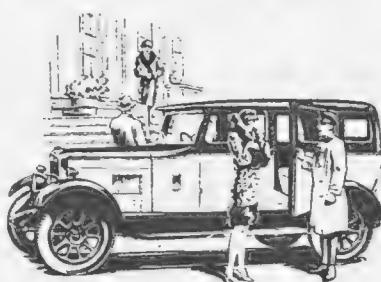


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Gossip from the Hunting World.

A "Beaufortshire" Tuesday, though it was all Budget.

in the wake of the most zigzagging, curly, corkscrew foxes that ever roamed round and round Westonbirt. Still, we could gallop on good going, and jump a pet patch to our hearts' content; and the many who don't know where they are took it on happily enough, bless them! Perhaps the previous week had made us a

morning out, anyhow—in the *very* fresh air—and the terribly wholesome opportunity to hack home.

News from Melton. The Belvoir had nothing to complain of as far as the going was concerned on Wednesday, but scent was very catchy and uncertain. A very large field, including the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester, assembled. A fox from Goadby Bullamore was away at once, and for a field or two looked like providing a good run, but on reaching the Harby Hills he mysteriously disappeared. A return to the same covert found another fox at home, but he was a twisting customer, and the poorscent enabled him to dodge about within half-a-mile of the starting point with impunity.

Thursday found the ground frozen on the surface, but not hard enough to make riding unsafe, and scent was quite good. The Fernie made the most of their opportunities, and killed a brace of foxes that did not appear to know a wide area of country; but this sort are often the most difficult to capture.

The Quorn's New Huntsman. With Wilson's resignation from the post of huntsman to the Quorn, the first whip, George Barker, was promoted to the office, and assumed his duties for the first time on Friday. Wilson has taken very few falls, considering the manner he has ridden over the country; but he had had a few severe ones which have left their effects. Perhaps few men who watched Wilson riding over Leicestershire realised the man was nearer sixty than fifty. Barker was unfortunate to have his initiation to the responsible position of handling the Quorn hounds spoilt by a very inferior scent.

Meeting at Hungarton, the first fox was found in the Prince of Wales's, and had apparently been almost lost at Ashby Folville, when he was viewed on the opposite slope. Barker lost no time in getting there, and hounds ran fast up to Thorpe Satchville before turning back to the Twyford and Ashby Valley. Scent again gave out, and the order was given to draw the Prince of Wales's again. A really good fox was found, hounds hunting on by Barkby Holt and Keyham to Scrattoft at a varying

pace. The fox having waited at Scrattoft, a fresh start was made, and hounds ran smartly across the railway to the valley below Ingarsby, where they swung to the right, eventually to cross the Uppingham main road about half-a-mile on the left of Houghton. Scent then began to get weaker and weaker, until hounds were ultimately stopped when pointing for Norton Gorse.

A Good Day with the Cottesmore.

Saturday, when the Cottesmore met at Burrough, was the best day of the week, and, in fact, if the foxes had been killed at the end of the two runs, it might be almost considered the day of the season. The hills round Burrough were considered too frost-bound for pleasant riding. The lower level of the Burton Flats held out greater inducements, and it was decided to try them. The Lake Spinney near Gartree Hill is neutral ground, and this was tried on the way. A happy thought, as it held at least a leash of foxes, the one selected going straight on to Gartree Hill.

From the first moment it was evident scent was good, as hounds settled down at once to run with a great cry. The fox had not dwelt a moment in Gartree Hill, and went straight through, with the pack in hot pursuit, nearly to Burton. Here, with the wind in his teeth, he turned back and up the hill to the Long Walk. Only a very slight hesitation here, and hounds ran fast across the intervening space to the Punchbowl. Right on through the latter covert the hunt continued nearly to Somerby, when a flock of sheep or something gave the fox a chance of forging ahead; but the check was short, and the chase sped on over the Somerby road by Peake's covert to Newbold. After crossing the brook the fox swung to the left and ran almost to Owston



THE PERCY AFTER-THE-BALL MEET AT BAMBURGH: A GROUP INCLUDING MISS STOBART, MISS PAPILLON, MISS CRAIG COWAN, MISS HUTCHINSON, MISS SHAFTO, MISS STEPHENS, MISS IRVIN, MISS BEAUMONT, MR. SHAFTO, MR. MACDOUGALL, MR. V. HARCOURT, MR. LONGDEN, MR. G. H. PEILE, AND MR. R. H. HOUSTON.

Lord and Lady Armstrong lent Bamburgh Castle for the Percy Hunt Ball, and the after-the-ball meet was held there. Above we give a group of some of the members of Lord and Lady Armstrong's house-party for the dance.—[Photograph by R. Bell Bolton.]

bit supercritical; anyhow, this day was the best we were vouchsafed before the black frost played us up. The Corsham Wednesday never was of great promise—poor scent, worse foxes, and a simply horrid country fulfilling the pessimist's most direful prophecies. People seemed to be falling about terribly, and our nerves got more and more rattled at every fresh catastrophe.

The Bradenstoke day was a series of false starts, apparently. Hounds played hide-and-seek successfully by crossing a canal in Foxham Vale, and after checking and finding no help available, sat down in a secluded orchard behind some farm, whilst Tom and his following galloped all over the countryside, like so many little Bo-Peeps. Eventually returning to the starting-point, to find hounds close by, everybody was rather cross and crestfallen after this. And more so after an hour's exposure to the nor'-easter whilst it shivered the timbers, and froze the marrows, and did all the evil things imaginable on the hilltop by Christian Malford Wood. Ugh!

Frost Sets It was a bitter blow to lose Friday and Saturday, with In. all the ball-dancing parties heavy on hand. Hounds didn't even go through the farce of meeting on Friday, and, as matters were obviously worse rather than better on Saturday, the summons for Easton Grey at twelve was a surprise. Horses were hurriedly sent on, everybody was bundled into cars, and quite an imposing "attendance" duly arrived. There was no real hope of *hunting*, but it was kindly of Master to give a show, to the relief of hosts and hostesses, affording the visitors a



THE AFTER-THE-BALL MEET OF THE SOUTHDOWN: MR. CHARLES D. THOROWGOOD, THE HON. MRS. FREEMAN-THOMAS, AND LORD MONK BRETTON. (L. TO R.) The Southdown held their after-the-ball meet at Novington Manor. The Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas is the daughter-in-law of Viscount Willingdon, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Canada, and is the eldest daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the famous actor-manager, and Lady Forbes-Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott).

Photograph by Hopkins.

before re-crossing the stream and pointing for Knossington. Between that village and Somerby the run came to an end.



Courses— It seems to me that the progress of golf, so far as concerns the formation of new clubs, is entering now upon a fresh phase. In this country, most of the courses of recent creation or in process of construction are estate development enterprises. The clubs organised in connection with them are conducted as separate entities, with their duly constituted committees, their terms of entrance fee and subscription, and their rights to elect or reject an applicant for membership. The fact remains, however, that the capital outlay which they involve is provided by the owners of estates who desire to utilise a good deal of their land for building purposes at remunerative rates, and who believe (with considerable justification) that a first-class golf course is essential to their object. The most notable of recent examples is the provision of two such courses, together with a handsome club-house and the usual auxiliary buildings, on Crown land at the outskirts of Windsor Forest. The cost, estimated at nearly £50,000, has come out of the Privy Purse, and the club which has been instituted in connection with the scheme (it is called the Berkshire Golf Club) has simply been given a lease at an annual rental. It has to make its own way, and is merely fortunate in the fact that it has had to put down no capital in order to start its career. The Crown Commissioners are confident that the land adjoining it will realise high prices from people who want to build houses where they can have good golf at their very doorsteps.

Salad Days. This is the prevailing note in modern course construction in Britain. Gone is the time when a band of enthusiasts could start a club in their district by gathering the curiously minded to their fold, and providing enough money to finance the undertaking. For one thing, there are now so many golf courses that comparatively little land of a suitable nature remains available except at prohibitive prices; and, for another thing, the modern player demands such perfection of architecture, fairways, putting-greens, bunkering, and club-house amenities that no ordinary private band of zealots could stand the pecuniary responsibilities. The early workers at the art, such as Old Tom Morris and Tom Dunn, generally regarded £200 as the limit that need be spent on the making of a course. Modern refinements are such that this sum hardly suffices for the making of one new bunker, when the configuration of the ground has to be altered so that the ball may be expected to shoot off in the proper direction on alighting. In short, we are losing a happy, unsophisticated joy out of golf; we are losing the club which is formed by the sheer ardour of private individuals. The Americans have not been compelled to

A New Aspect in Golf.

By R. Endersby Howard.

sacrifice it. They have a good many clubs of about fifty members each—members who, as budding or full-blown millionaires, subscribe all the costs of institution and upkeep. It is a great nuisance that we are so short of millionaires.

A Modern Example. Still, the system of founding golf courses with an eye to estate development has much to recommend it. Nobody is obliged to build a house on the land. The member

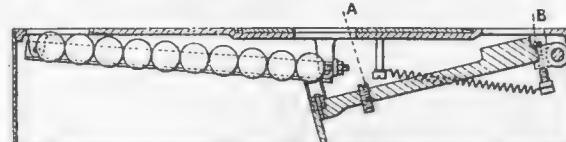
an expensive flat in London, he is very likely the happier for having come to such a decision. Where could there be a happier home of the game than at Addington? Mr. J. F. Abercromby inaugurated golf there, on the Shirley Hills hard by East Croydon, at a time when the land was going begging. He told me once that he made an offer for it, when he thought of leaving his first great love and masterpiece, Coombe Hill; and waited two years to renew the offer, lest he should repent. In the meantime, the Royal Automobile Club had inspected the site as a prospective home for their country club, which ultimately they established at Woodcote Park, Epsom.

Finance—and the Club Spirit. I believe that Mr. Abercromby finally bought the estate at

about £40 an acre, and is now selling it at £250 an acre—with the certainty that it will rise in value as London creeps farther and farther out to such environs as the Shirley Hills of East Croydon. Meanwhile, the golf club is essentially a members' club, with two courses of rare distinction, and I suppose it has more players at week-ends than any other round London, with the possible exception of Sunningdale and Walton Heath. The clubs at St. George's Hill (Weybridge) and Wentworth (Virginia Water) are similar instances of courses that have been brought to maturity through the agency of estate development. We may pine for the old days when devotees of golf did missionary work through their zeal rather than their money. But the fact is that this game has become rather like Association football in the sense that the big clubs have to command all the financial backing that they need in order to satisfy their supporters. The analogy may not be very palatable, but I do not know that its basic inference can be disputed.

Progress Abroad. The other developments in golf-course construction are mostly

on the Continent. The leading British architects are now engaged largely in Germany, Holland, and Sweden. There is enormous scope for the growth of the pastime in these countries, where a new *clientèle* is clustering round it in rapidly increasing numbers. It is a pity that golf is so expensive to start in any district (I suppose that £10,000 is about the minimum cost of a course and club-house), but it seems to be capable of overcoming the difficulty. I know people who believe that, in the end, Germany will be as powerful a factor in international rivalry as America is today. It may seem a wild guess, and yet the German demand for British architects to lay out courses is surely a sign worth noting. Holland is equally progressive in the golf connection. And the Dutch really do appear to challenge the Scots as the founders of golf. Even has there been seen in the Dutch Exhibition of Art in London the picture of a Dutch girl of some two hundred years ago, armed with a mashie-iron.



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is merely tempted to do so. He is supplied with first-class golf (because that is vital to the success of the enterprise) at about the normal annual subscription. If he decides to live on the estate instead of in

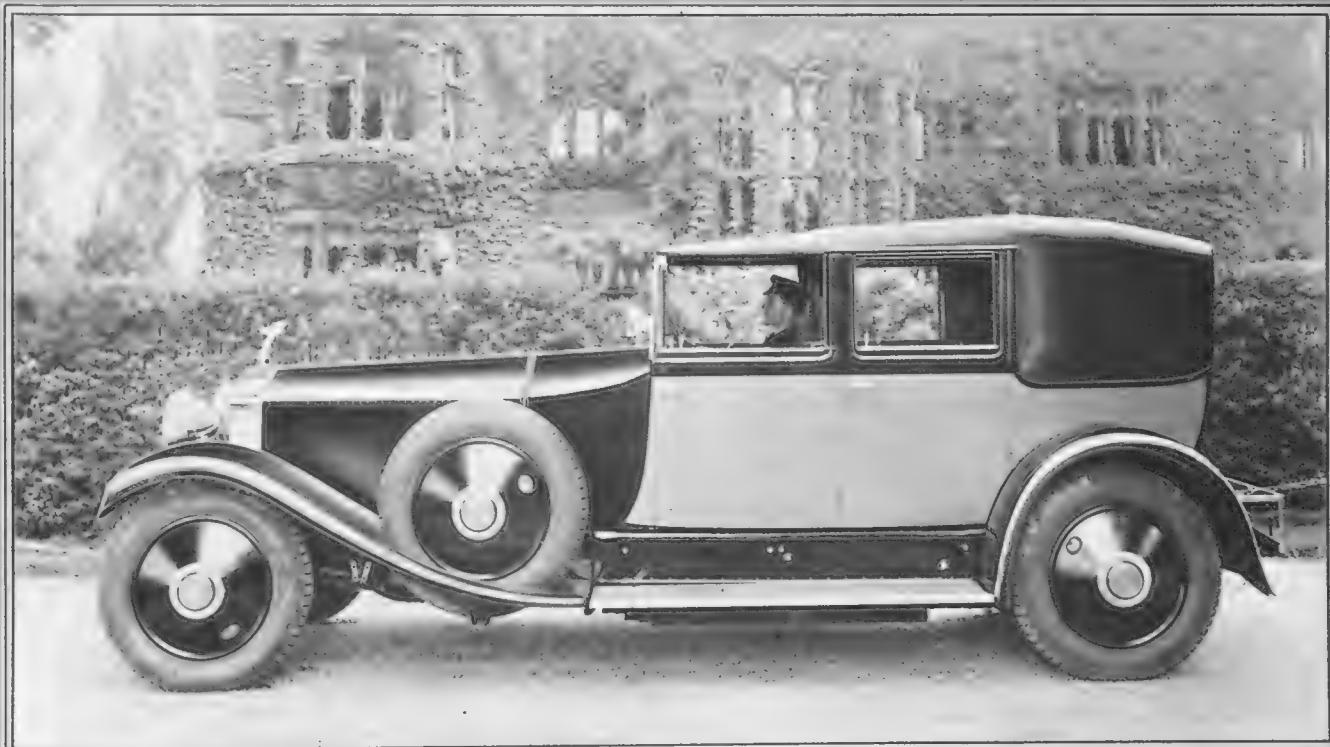
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From stormy weather on school days this practical mackintosh of leatherette from Gamages is a splendid protection.

The Skull-Cap and Cross-Bones. Already in the sacred inner salons of certain famous dress houses, there is a hint of spring in the air, occasioned by the chic new hats blossoming on every side. They are tighter and smaller than ever, those which are designed to wear with the *tailleur* and travelling suit, veritable skull-caps, cunningly slit here and there above the eyebrows in the most bizarre manner. One, for instance, in dark blue felt, is cut out with a cross-bones design in the centre of the forehead, and another has two slits above the eyes, giving a curious Chinese air. A third model is fashioned entirely of broad black satin ribbon intricately crossed, with one end continuing well over the ear, almost down to the shoulder on one side.



For marking the numerous sale bargains every woman has acquired during the sales, Cash's woven names are indispensable, and are attached in a moment.

hats this spring, the favourite decoration will be gay little cockades of feathers, a little larger than the familiar "sporting" feather, and expressed in beautiful clear shades of blue and green, emerging from a background of black or nigger brown. Sometimes these feathers are laid diagonally across the crown, or they may curve over the cheek, closely moulded to the shape of the ear.

Children's Spring Outfits. During the first two weeks in January, every moment is spent outfitting the elder brothers and sisters for boarding school, and, when they are satisfied, the smaller members of the family demand new clothes in their turn. Very inexpensive, practical outfits for little people of all ages are to be found at Gamages, Holborn, E.C., and especially for the difficult "kindergarten" age. Sketched at the top of this page, for instance, is a reliable leatherette mackintosh available for 11s. 9d., size 22 in., and a frock in navy-blue repp with check collar, cuffs, belt, and a tie of floral crêpe-de-Chine, costing 14s., size 27 in. There are warm navy repp coats, double-breasted and half-lined, to be secured for 15s. 6d.; and pleated serge kilts, to wear with a sweater or blouse, are only 8s. 9d., made of thick, hard-wearing serge, with a removable top

Secure against chills and sudden change of temperature is this sturdy little person dressed in a jumper frock of Chilprufe, which is pure wool.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By MABEL HOWARD.

Baku and Ballibuntal. For the South and tropical climates, wide-brimmed straws are, of course, inevitable, and of these Baku, paribuntal, and ballibuntal, the finest of straws, are the smartest. They are less trimmed again this season, with petersham or satin ribbon adorning the crown quite simply. Although the hat must be shady, the brim may be comparatively small in front, widening out at each side like a bonnet. For some time now, the ornament of brilliants on the hat has suffered rather an eclipse. In the felt

A useful little frock for nursery and school-room of navy repp, with checked collar and cuffs, obtainable very inexpensively at Gamages Holborn, E.C.



Olive Hewardson

of double sateen. Everything for the older school-girl is always to be found here, and can always be posted on to the school at a moment's notice.

Marking Your Sale Bargains.

Every woman who has shopped at the sales

finds as much pleasure as a miser in counting over her gold. The many additions to household linen, children's frocks, and her own lingerie need careful marking, however, before they brave the adventure of the laundry, and here Cash's woven names come to the rescue. They can be sewn on in a moment with a few stitches, each a small piece of fine cambric

tape with your own name woven on very clearly in fast colours. Several shades are available, and various styles. They cost

[Continued overleaf.]



A charming outfit for a small inmate of the nursery, made of Chilprufe—the pure wool fabric which wards off colds and illness. (See page 126.)



A charming little frock for a tiny tot of Vandyked crêpe-de-Chine, sketched at the Treasure Cot Company.

2s. 9d. for three dozen, 3s. 9d. for six dozen, and 5s. for twelve dozen, obtainable from all the leading stores. Free samples and list of styles can be obtained on application to J. and J. Cash, of Coventry.

Chilprufe for the Nursery.

For nursery folk, nothing could be better than Chilprufe frocks, suits, and undies during the treacherous late winter and early spring which is ahead. Some people still have the idea that Chilprufe refers only to underwear of all kinds, but there are delightful little frocks and smocks such as the two on page 125 in the same excellent fabric. It is of pure wool, and gives what is called "insulation" from too rapid changes of temperature, with the result that the wearer never feels too hot or too cold. The texture is light and supple, and so smooth that it seems impossible it should be of wool. There are Chilprufe garments of all kinds for every member of the family, including grown-ups, and they are obtainable at all the leading outfitters.

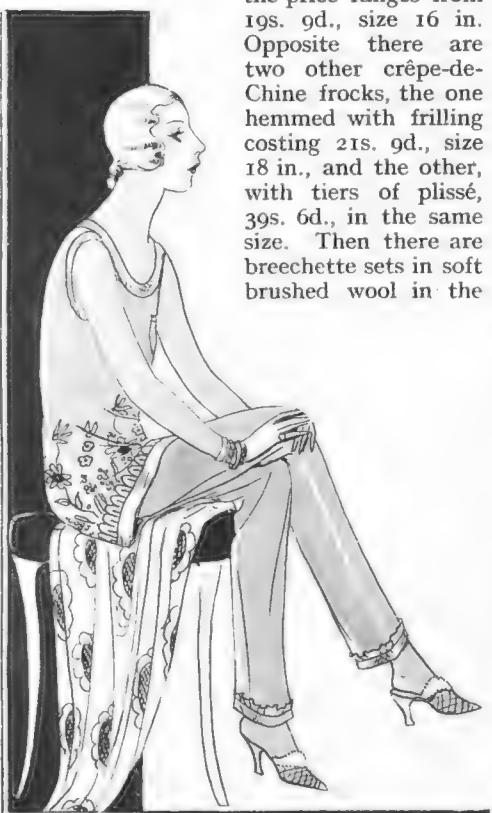
Treasures from the Treasure Cot. Everything a child can possibly want is to be found under one roof at the Treasure Cot Company, 103, Oxford Street, W. From these salons come the charming little nursery frocks pictured above. The one on the left is in crêpe-de-Chine, with the skirt trimmed with Vandyked frills. Many pretty colourings are available, and the price ranges from 19s. 9d., size 16 in. Opposite there are two other crêpe-de-Chine frocks, the one hemmed with frilling costing 21s. 9d., size 18 in., and the other, with tiers of plissé, 39s. 6d., in the same size. Then there are breechette sets in soft brushed wool in the

loveliest colours imaginable, to be secured from 19s. 6d., size 14 in.; and cosy, soft wool, hand-knitted jerseys with long sleeves, which are invaluable at this time of year, can be secured for 9s. 9d. The Treasure Cot, after which this firm is named, is an ingenious affair, easily portable and packable, and absolutely hygienic and comfortable. Several different types are available, founded on the same plan. A catalogue giving full details of everything to do with nursery furniture and babies' and tiny tots'



A slender dance frock of georgette with the corsage scintillating with fine beads: one of the models included in the sale which is now in progress at Emmé, of Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

clothes can be obtained post free on mentioning the name of this paper.



A border of embroidered flowers decorates this attractive pair of pyjamas in artificial silk and ecru net, available in the sale at Dorothy Perkins.

Evening Frocks from 3½ Guineas. No time should be lost before visiting Emmé, of 86, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., for they have a large collection of charming evening frocks of every kind, ranging from 3½ guineas upwards, during their present sale. The graceful dance frock pictured here, of georgette, with the corsage finely embroidered with beads, is available for 4½ guineas. Morning and afternoon dresses can be obtained from 3 guineas, and tweed coats from 4 guineas. A very special bargain is a silver evening coat trimmed with fur and lined with silk, offered at 4½ guineas.

20 per Cent. Off Hats. The famous "hat" firm, Scott's, of 1, Old Bond Street, W., are offering a sale discount of 20 per cent. during January,

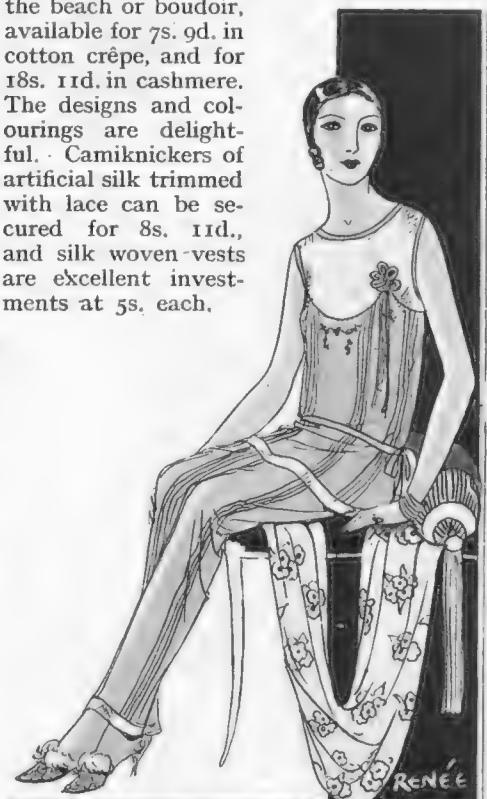


Frilled crêpe-de-Chine in delicate colourings has been chosen by the Treasure Cot Company, 103, Oxford Street, W., the Mecca of children's clothes, to fashion these modes for little people.

and all hats so offered will be plainly marked. There are so many different models that it is impossible to give a description, so a personal visit is imperative.

A Sale of Lingerie. A shop which has won

quite a reputation for itself with regard to the inexpensive lingerie you can find there is Dorothy Perkins, of 190, Oxford Street, W. A sale is now in progress, and there are many splendid bargains to be found. Amongst them are the original pyjamas pictured on this page. On the left is a pair in artificial silk and ecru net, with the coat embroidered with a deep border of flowers. These are 32s. 6d. the pair. Those on the right are of crêpe-de-Chine and net, hand-embroidered, available for the same amount. Then there are those fascinating "Happi" coats which serve so many useful purposes, for they are practical bed-room wraps and are also decorative enough for the beach or boudoir, available for 7s. 9d. in cotton crêpe, and for 18s. 11d. in cashmere. The designs and colourings are delightful. Camiknickers of artificial silk trimmed with lace can be secured for 8s. 11d., and silk woven vests are excellent investments at 5s. each.



Crêpe-de-Chine and net express these useful pyjamas, which are included in the sale now in progress at Dorothy Perkins, 190, Oxford Street.

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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Many Useful Car Gadgets. Ever since Messrs. Salmon and Sons, the Newport Pagnell coachbuilders, designed and produced the Tickford saloon as a dual-purpose open and closed carriage, there have been many imitators; but these are all a long way behind the original. This, however, has been further improved since it

from the woodwork of the coachwork at the back of the switch to accommodate the mechanism and wiring connections. The light, or lights, are put on or shut off by means of a pivoted spring-loaded contact, whilst the whole switch is substantially constructed and works easily. Finished in nickel plate, the price of the switch is 3s. 6d., while an oxydised silver finish costs 4s.

Naturally, one orders these from the local coachbuilders to suit the internal fittings, whether gilt or bronze. It is the little things that count for comfort in motoring nowadays. Though I have been chaffed that these notes are constantly suggesting new gadgets for fitting to cars, I remain unmoved in my desire to produce the ideal motor carriage. Which reminds me that a new seat in which to carry baby has now been designed and made as an occasional



Anti-Glare Devices.

A demonstration was given recently of the Shad-a-Lite anti-dazzle device, which consists of a fabric-woven hood of cylindrical form that can be drawn back against the base of the reflector or extended forward beyond the bulb, so as to surround it completely. This is the invention of Mr. S. Harrison; it is quite a simple affair, which can be applied to any existing headlight at a cost of 30s. for the device, plus a few shillings for fitting it, so that it costs motorists only about two pounds to equip their cars. The hood is fire-proofed before making up, either white or amber-tinted, and hoods can be replaced or changed, if damaged, as easily as changing the bulb. The operation of the hood is performed by a Bowden, pneumatic or electric means, according to the choice of the purchaser. With the hood drawn back out of operation, the beam is unaffected and full intensity of illumination is available. When the hood is extended, no ray from the bulb can reach the reflector of the lamp without passing through the fine mesh of the fabric, so that the result is a perfectly flat light without any dark spots, and diffused almost equally over a very wide field. Dazzle is completely eliminated even on the centre line, as one can stare straight into the lamps, whether a few feet or many yards distant from them. The light is not deflected, and the device is optically concentric. For this reason, undulated roads do not give rise to complications, and lamps fitted with Shad-a-Lite do not dazzle when the car is topping a hill or rounding a



A FILM STAR AND THE PRESENT SHE CHOSE FOR HER MOTHER: MISS ALMA RUBENS WITH HER DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR SIX SPORTS COUPÉ.

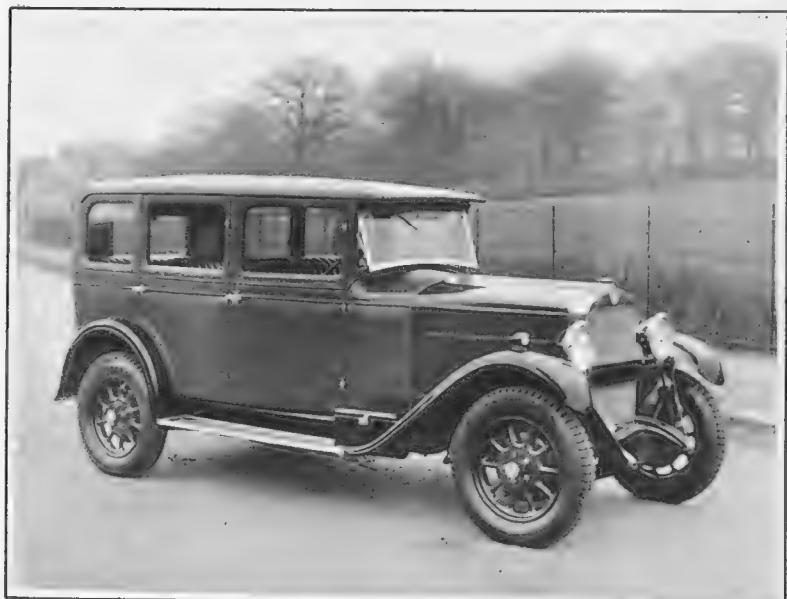
Miss Alma Rubens, the well-known picture star, recently decided to give her mother a car. Her choice fell on a Dodge Brothers Senior Six sports coupé, and this delightful present is giving tremendous pleasure to the happy new owner.

was first built some four years ago. The experiences of over a thousand private owners of Tickford sunshine saloons have led the makers to add further to the comfort of the design. The present type of Tickford has a head that is wound down; but as the leather of the rear quarter disappears from view, it reveals glass sides, which take its place to protect the passengers in the back seats from side draughts. A wired edge is also provided for the leather head, this edge fitting into a grooved cantrail when the top is raised. This disarms all possible criticism of the older type as to flapping edges in a gale of wind. It is now all taut and smart in appearance, similar to the ordinary fixed head, which does not open up. Further, as such a large number of these sunshine saloons are being built at the works, the makers have reduced the prices of all types—from those suitable for the small Austin and Morris six-cylinders with interior drive and no division between front and rear seats, to the seven-seating divided-partition types as supplied on the big long-chassis Daimlers, Rolls-Royce, and similar vehicles. They now cost about half what they did some eighteen months ago.

Tidy Electric Switch Fitting. Many of my women friends have complained that the switches for the interior lights in cars are apt to catch in their wraps when entering or leaving the car. In hunting round to discover some form of control which would lessen this trouble, I found a new type of flush-fitting switch which is now available to prevent such occurrences. Although there is no protuberance whatever, the design is such that very little material has to be cut away

adaptable to be carried extra fitment to any car. It has been so constructed that two of the legs can be placed at the back of the upholstered squab and seat at the rear of the car, and the other two legs stand on the floor, the former pair being pushed between the squab and the cushions, making this baby-chair firmly secured. It is also provided with a collapsible hood to form a shield against sun or wind. This seat can also be taken out of the car and stood on the ground, so that when picnicking or on the beach at the sea, it can be used equally as well as in the car. Very young children are difficult to make comfortable on the standard type

of seats fitted to motor-carriges, so I rather fancy this new baby-carrier will please motor-ing mothers, and save them from having to nurse their young offspring on long trips.



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bend. The value of the diffused light in fog is very evident. Shad-a-Lite is manufactured by Anti-Glare, Ltd., of Teddington, Middlesex.

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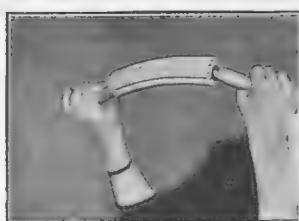
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WOMAN'S WAYS.

(Continued.)

Your Skin in Sun and Frost. The recent spell of wintry cold which we have experienced proved that it is not necessary to be in Switzerland to feel really freezing weather. Unfortunately,



In winter's cold and hard frosts, the complexion has many hardships to endure. Redness, roughness, and excessive dryness, however, can be remedied by one treatment at Mme. Verdi's, of 44, Old Bond Street, W.

the complexion suffers even more from the cold than you yourself. In biting winds and low degrees of temperature the skin becomes starved and ill-nourished, producing redness and roughness, unless it is fed and soothed by some really good cream and lotion. Exactly the same effects are produced by extreme heat, and if you are wintering in the tropics, your skin will need protection also. In both these cases, two special preparations of Mme. Verdi (Rosa Hollay, successor), of 44, Old Bond Street, W., are to be recommended. One is Verdi's Crème Veloutée (3s. 6d. a jar), which enriches, beautifies, and protects the skin, whatever its type; and the other is Verdi's Beauty Lotion (5s. 6d. a bottle), which is a "quick cleaner," clearing the pores of any secretions of dust, and leaving the skin cool, clear, soft, and fragrant. A lesson treatment showing how these creams can be used to the best advantage, and incidentally getting the skin into good condition generally, can be received for the moderate sum of 10s. 6d. There is also an excellent sun- and wind-proof balm (3s. 6d.), and an anti-flushing and redness of the nose cream, price 5s. 6d. Rosa Hollay will gladly give her expert advice free, either personally or by letter, on your own individual skin and its specific needs. She makes your appearance her especial charge, and, though she does not promise to every woman the improbable dream of becoming beautiful, she does make it her business to improve and bring out the good points which are possessed by everyone, but are so often allowed to pass unnoticed, and neglected.



If you are wintering in Egypt, under the burning sun of the desert, your skin will remain cool, fresh, and beautiful if you use Verdi's Crème Veloutée and the Beauty Lotion, which keep the complexion beautiful in all climatic extremes from the desert to the snows.

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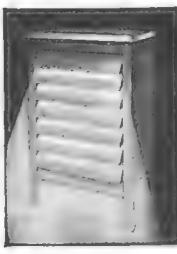


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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: CCLXXXIV.

ON LOSING DECLARATIONS.

RECENTLY I said I would try to show why certain players win at bridge. It is easier, however, to show why the weaker players lose. Here are my ideas on the subject. Generally speaking, the weaker players lose in the bidding because (a) they have a passion for no-trump play; (b) they funk a no-trump bid unless strongly guarded throughout. (b) Would seem to contradict (a); but under (a) come the cases of taking partner's suits into no-trumps, and raising partner's no-trump on a doubtful guard in opponent's suits, and so on; while under (a) we find the common case of passing on three aces, and the general case of passing or making a weak trump declare on three well-guarded suits with nothing in the fourth. (c) They lack trust in partner; (d) they have too much trust in partner.

Again an apparent contradiction, and in truth this is one of the many auction bridge play anomalies; thus, if a player holds but a singleton or two small in his partner's suit, he will take out that suit into any possible biddable suit of his own on the presumption that that suit must be the better; but give your partner a raise in his suit and he will re-bid for ever, or, conversely, holding a few flattering cards, one partner will go on raising the other's suit to the limit, despite the fact that the latter has said nothing but "no bid" since his first call. (e) They don't understand the art of doubling.

The last case given is an example of this; under the conditions a double of opponents instead of the last raise would be correct bridge. Let me repeat my dictum on doubling—the only sound double of opponents is when you know that, given the chance, they will double you, or, put more concisely, when there is a double in the air, get your own double in first. (Note.—I make no reference to the informative double here. I can't, since many good players as well as all weak players employ it—and lose by it.) (f) They won't allow a hand to be played in a minor suit. (g) They will open the bidding in a minor suit. Yet another seeming contradiction. A player who has opened the bidding with one club and is left in to play it will be exceedingly annoyed; yet, if you take your partner into clubs or diamonds for some very good reason, that partner of yours will be pretty well sure to re-bid his own hand; this, of course, could come under heading (c)—lack of trust in partner. (h) They take out no-trumpers on weakness. (i) They won't take out no-trumpers on strength. (j) They won't play "safety first"—i.e., leave opponents in to play a safe contract. (k) They don't understand bidding to the score. (Note.—The score has no effect on an original call, but it has great effect on each subsequent call.) (l) They—some of them—have an inordinate desire to play the hand.

I will go into what is wrong in general with play next week; in the meantime, I am giving a double dummy problem, which has been sent to me with a curious history attached—

SPADES—Q, 9, 7.
HEARTS—Q, 5, 3.
CLUBS—K, 8.
DIAMONDS—None.

B

SPADES—K, 8, 6.
HEARTS—Kn, 9, 8, 7.
CLUBS—A.
DIAMONDS—None.

SPADES—5, 4.
HEARTS—10, 4.
CLUBS—Q, 6, 2.
DIAMONDS—9.

Y Z

SPADES—Kn.
HEARTS—None.
CLUBS—Kn, 9, 7.
DIAMONDS—K, Q, 8, 7.

A

There are no trumps. It is A's lead, and he has to make five of the eight tricks against any defence.

Since writing above I have played a few rubbers of bridge, and as a consequence I am supplementing my list of reasons why the weaker player loses on the declaration with (m). They have a passion for bidding up hands holding four honours. (n) They read books on the game. I have included the last reason because a partner of mine bid one club on—

SPADES—A, 3.
HEARTS—6, 5, 4, 3.
CLUBS—A, 2.
DIAMONDS—9, 8, 7, 6, 5.

I said it was a funny sort of call, but he informed me that the call was sound; he had just been studying a book that said one in a minor suit should be called on two quick tricks. I said it must be a funny book that advocates a bid on that hand. I am not denying that the book does say so, but, if it does, I am sure the writer did not mean to be taken literally; anyhow, to me it is a terrifying proposition as a bridge declaration.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

SPENCER COX.—I am sorry; but I cannot see it. All I can see is that any one of the nice things you suggest might happen if your partner has a big hand would occur equally well if you started by bidding one, or postponed your bid altogether until the second round.

MOTLEY NOTES.

(Continued from page 82.)

all that, and your friends, as one man, would say how finely you had behaved. But then imagine, on top of that, getting an attack of mumps. Even your iron fortitude, I venture to think, would break down under that test.

Opinions differ as to the best way of dealing with the boils and crumbs of life. There is the method of being Stoically calm. The collar that will not take the stud, the shoe-lace that snaps at the critical moment, the bread-and-butter that falls butter downwards, the newspaper that will not fold up the right way, the little piece of grit that gets in your eye and the little piece of gravel that keeps on jumping into your shoe, the irritating mannerisms of Thingumbob and Whatshisname, the fiendish ingenuity with which objects conceal themselves, the studied exacerbations of the law of gravity—ignore them, some will say, treat them as beneath notice. I dare say; but personally I find that it makes me so heated keeping calm. The other method is to let fly at once and emphatically—tell Things exactly what you think of them. This, I think, is preferable. The amount of atmospheric disturbance caused by telling a golf-ball what you think of it is less than the amount of nervous energy expended in smiling amiably at it. Besides, it is not desirable that golf-balls should behave as they do with impunity. I am bound to admit, however, that there is no medical evidence that blasphemy is a cure for boils. I hope you and I will never have occasion to try the experiment.

ALAN KEMP.

We very much regret that in our issue of December 12, on page xxxviii., the price of a shagreen-handled umbrella and a shagreen-and-leather bag to match was given as 49s. 6d. The price of the umbrella, however, is £2 10s. 6d., and of the bag £4 19s. 6d. We apologise for any inconvenience caused by this error.

BLACKMAIL.

(Continued from page 100.)

Mose smiled his secret smile. "That I cannot tell."

"I insist upon knowing."

"Not so quick—not so quick."

The doctor sat down and drummed with his fingers on the leather blotting-pad. "Ah, I remember," he said at last, more to himself than to his odd-looking listener; "of course I remember. I was wearing a blue suit that day. . . . Yes, yes. I must have left it in the pocket. Deuced careless! And I gave the suit to Tomkin. Quite, quite—and now, now . . ." He looked up, and Old Mose quickly averted his gaze. "And you have come to return it to me?" he continued.

Old Mose nodded. "Yes, yes, that es et—you shall have et back."

The doctor held out his hand.

"At a price," said Old Mose.

The doctor's eyes narrowed. "At a price? I do not understand." His voice was cutting and cold.

Old Mose leant forward ingratiatingly. "Then I vill make myself quite clear. I come to sell the letter back to you."

Dr. Johnstone-Rennie rose to his feet and angrily paced the room. "And if I am unwilling to pay—what then?" he asked, facing the Jew.

Old Mose chuckled. "Then perhaps Mrs. Johnstone-Rennie vill be villing." He took the letter from its envelope and slowly read it out in his stumbling English. Then he met the other's eye. "I don't fink von hundred be too much, eh?"

The doctor thought a minute before asking deliberately, "So it's blackmail, is it?"

Old Mose shrugged his threadbare shoulders. "That es an ugly name—just a friendly transaction. Et would surprise Mrs. Rennie velly much, would et not, this letter that I hold? Eh?" He rapped out the last monosyllable and almost leered.

Dr. Johnstone-Rennie drew back. His face did not conceal the disgust he felt. He was like some scraggy hen, this dirty old man with the long lean neck which kept shooting out of his too large collar. His lids, which were habitually dropped, were only lifted covertly to reveal yellowed eyes. Faugh! he seemed to be contaminating the whole room.

With a muttered ejaculation, the doctor drew out a small pad and scribbled some words on it, then rang a bell. When the butler entered he handed him the piece of paper. As the door closed, he turned to the Jew and said: "The lady—the writer of this letter—happens to be here this afternoon. I—I have asked her to come."

"Ver' good—ver' good." Old Mose was nodding his head complacently. "I vill take von hundred . . . von hundred is not too much . . . von's wife to deceive . . ."

The other man abruptly silenced him by holding up his hand as the door flew open and a little girl ran into the room.

"Yes, dad. . ." She paused, seeing Old Mose, and gazed at him with the wide-eyed curiosity of the young.

The doctor looked down at her small, bright face. "Alice," he said quietly, "this gentleman you see has taken all the trouble to come here this afternoon to return the letter you wrote asking me to take you away from Miss Pinkerton's school."

[THE END.]

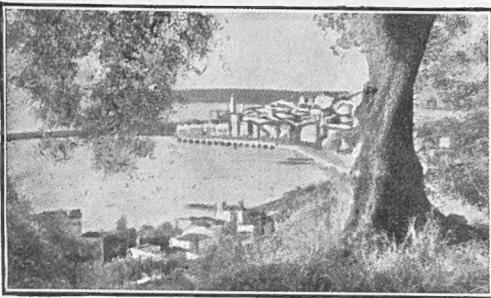
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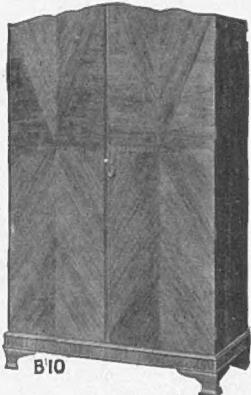
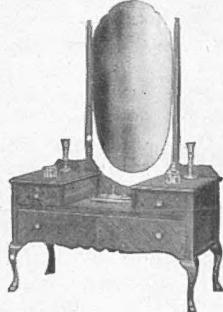
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from page 118.)

I am tempted to say that they leave me cold; but that would perhaps be too literal. Whatever one may think about the utility of these ventures, it is impossible to withhold admiration from the pluck and endurance of the men who undertake them; and doubtless there is much to be said for the view that nowadays the spirit of adventure needs to be fostered, since there are all too few worlds to conquer. At all events, Signor Davide Giudici, in "The Tragedy of the 'Italia,'" gives a very sound, straightforward, and at times moving, account of General Nobile's ill-fated exploit. Here you will get, in simple language, a very just impression of Arctic conditions and hardships; and before I had finished the book I had conceived a lively affection (despite its name) for the good ship *Krasslin*, valiantly smashing its laborious path through the ice to the rescue of the survivors. The account of the finding of Zappi and Mariano is highly dramatic. The book furnishes what must be, I think, the greatest recorded triumph of bureaucracy—

Biagi, who was anxiously awaiting the news of an expected addition to his family, received instead a communication from the Rome Municipality in which he was threatened with the seizure of some of his household effects, because he had not paid the tax on his dog.

The efficiency of Mussolini stops not short of the Pole! Biagi, by the way, with his indefatigable "little box" of wireless tricks, is a true figure of magic and romance. What can a "little box" not do nowadays! "They were even able to hear wireless concerts transmitted by the stations of Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, and other capitals. And all this while on a pack in latitude 80° 30'!" Marconi, thou art second only to Mussolini!

JAZZ ANCIENT AND MODERN.

(Continued from page 94.)

of a feeble excuse, that one still mentioned Mozart, and even earlier composers, without being requested by one's hostess to leave the house. Young Oxford looked sadly at me.

"They were only classical composers. Besides, the Robin and the Blackbird were straight!"

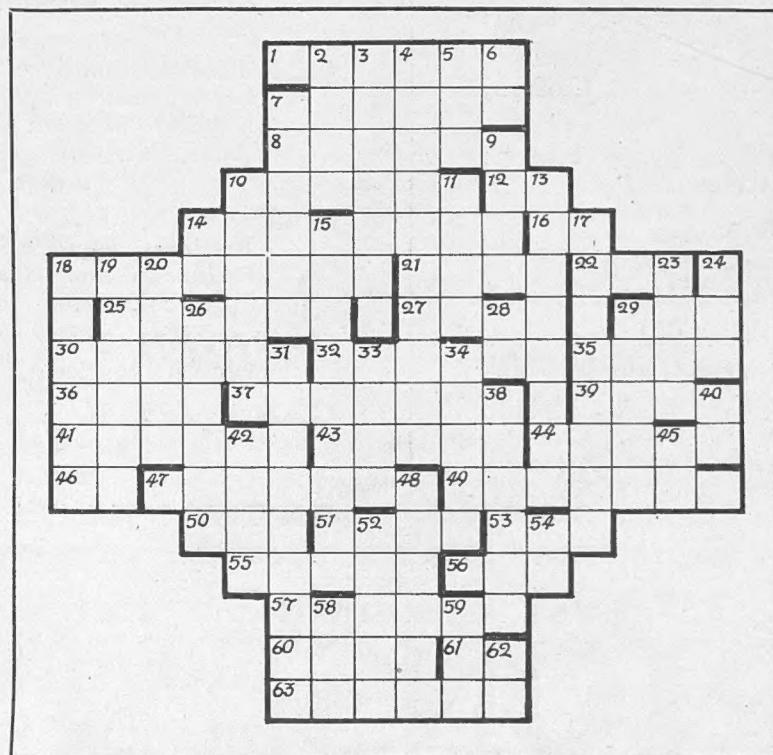
I suppose the expression of imbecile blankness on my face betrayed my crude ignorance as to his meaning. Whereupon he outlined for me the main features of the modern science of syncopation, as reported above, and even paid a tribute to my intelligence by giving me a glimpse into some of its subtler finesse. I know now, for instance, that straight jazz has a tune to it and hot jazz has not, that hot jazz is abstract syncopation or tuneless rhythm, that it is much more advanced and in the movement to prefer hot jazz to straight jazz—that, in fact, straight jazz is slightly *vieux jeu*, fogyish; that the more exclusive

conductors of syncopated orchestras like Sphinx Guggleberg and Phlupp Sploot have cast it entirely out of their répertoires. To give me an example of what was considered hot jazz by leading authorities, he put on the gramophone a record entitled "When Grandpa Leaves His Footmarks in the Bath," played by the Hixxus Six.

When I came to, after what seemed a

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

FOR the present we have decided to discontinue the giving of a prize for our Cross-Word Puzzles, but the puzzles will be given each week for the amusement of readers who like to find the solution.



THE LANGUAGE OF ROMANCE (No. 1.)

ACROSS.

1. A monster of romance.
2. A conjuror of romance.
3. A safeguard of romance.
4. The only kind of excursion in Shakespeare.
5. Welsh prefix.
6. Made sweet music in the olden time.
7. Where you went for your 25 and 27 Across (init.).
8. What the caveman wielded.
9. A sailing-vessel in "Far Cathay."
10. Galloper.
11. and 27. The shield of the family.
12. Doves do it.
13. Frightened.
14. The man who killed the 1 Across.
15. Shouted in sea-romances.
16. The sea in romance.
17. Drilled.
18. Scene of many a modern romance.
19. What the tiring-maids did.
20. This nook is nice anights.
21. Wave in romance.
22. Shillings and pence.
23. Makes angry.
24. A work of Tennyson's, perhaps.
25. Pouch.
26. Poverty.
27. [Put last month in here.]
28. Ruin in romance.
29. Money in French romances.
30. A lady of W. H. Hudson's.
31. Romantically blue.
32. What an Alice 32 Across did, after killing a 1 Across.
33. Edible root.
34. Raw metal.
35. North Dakota.
36. Where the palmer kept his scrip.
37. Edible root.
38. North Dakota.
39. A pool in romance.
40. Romantic land of luxury and delight.
41. Ancient engine of war.
42. Follows many a bishop.
43. A tale in romance.
44. A master of old time.
45. This song was never known in those days.

DOWN.

2. A lady of W. H. Hudson's.
3. Romantically blue.
4. What an Alice 32 Across did, after killing a 1 Across.
5. Raw metal.
6. North Dakota.
7. Where the palmer kept his scrip.
8. Edible root.
9. North Dakota.
10. Romantic land of luxury and delight.
11. A pool in romance.
12. Edible root.
13. A mental image in Romance.
14. Follows many a bishop.
15. A tale in romance.
16. Ancient engine of war.
17. Follows many a bishop.
18. A pool in romance.
19. Edible root.
20. A master of old time.
21. This song was never known in those days.
22. Romantic land of luxury and delight.
23. A tale in romance.
24. To daily in romance.
25. What our ancestors loved as a dish.
26. Exclamation.
27. A rustic in romance.
28. A crime in romance.
29. Number.
30. Old for very cold.
31. Infer.
32. See 63 Across.
33. Handsome in Scottish romance.
34. Half of a lass.
35. Of an Easter race.
36. Coral snake.
37. An old political label.
38. Requires 23 Down in addition to a man, two boys, and two serpents to make a famous group.
39. A Henry Vth soldier.
40. U.S.A. State.

horrible nightmare in which a tortured hen's screams for mercy were woven by a dying bootlegger's gurgle into the retrospective ravings of a depraved cow, I heard Young Oxford saying in a tone of ecstasy, "That's the stuff! My God!"

For once I echoed the second of his interjections with fervour, but maintained the silence of a stricken brain about the first.

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

DEBRETT'S PEERAGE.

ALL the world knows that "Debrett's" is the classic book of reference—a work of unimpeachable accuracy, which supplies detailed information on the subject of every titled family in Great Britain, arranged with the greatest clearness. It is not, however, so generally realised that the preface for each year's issue, contributed by the editor, Mr. Arthur Hesilridge, is extremely interesting reading. It records the "Peerage" history of the year, and, as one peruses it, the glamorous past and the romantic pageant of aristocracy are conjured up in a way which makes one dream of English history and the great figures who have passed across the stage in our "Island story."

Mr. Arthur G. M. Hesilridge has a big task every year in bringing "Debrett" up to date, and it is interesting—and rather impressive—to recall that the volume for 1929 (now on sale at the price of 75s.) contains 3400 pages, as against the 1384 which made up its total in 1879. There is food for reflection in Mr. Hesilridge's statement that there are now only some twenty-four Peers, and twice the number of Baronets, still living who were in enjoyment of their dignities in 1878, so that the entire representation of hereditary titles has really changed in but little over half a century by reason of extinction, or succession, or creation of new titles.

Of course, the period chosen to illustrate this rapid change in the Peerage covers the war years, when new honours were distributed, and the holders of many noble names lost their lives on active service. Mr. Hesilridge naturally records the appointment of the Prince of Wales as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets, and the creation of a new Royal Duke, Prince Henry, who is now Duke of Gloucester. He also calls attention to the fact that there are some eighty titles confined to members of the Royal Family, but that such resounding names as Duke of Cumberland, Duke of Clarence, Duke of Lancaster, etc., are all at the moment unappropriated. The changes in the Episcopal Bench are of great moment in Peerage records, and the bestowal of a Peerage on the retiring Primate is of interest. It has no precedent in English history; but on at least three occasions Peerages of Ireland have been conferred on Archbishops, and Normanton and Decies are two dignities still in existence which were originally conferred on Prelates.

Some interesting Scottish events have occurred in the past year. For instance, his Majesty created the new post of "Keeper of Dunbarton Castle," to which Sir George Murray Home Stirling, Bt., was appointed; and a change in depicting the Royal Arms on the Tabards of the Officers of Arms in Scotland was approved and carried into effect.

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City Notes. Finance in a First-Class Carriage.

"WE said last year, you know, that the pace couldn't possibly last. Yet look at to-day's markets! Wonderful, isn't it?"

"Seems to be no stopping the rise in some of the things," said The Merchant. "And, funny enough, I picked out Liptons from a list of things in the middle of a page—"

"When you were having your hair-cut?" asked The City Editor. "I always—"

"Is it well to wait till you're a sketch?" The Jobber inquired anxiously.

"It isn't everyone who has your luck in tossing. Is that one mine?"

"I haven't the least idea what you two are talking about," said The Broker, whose judgment was better than his imagination. "But is it of the utmost consequence for us to know what happens when you go to the barber's?"

"Wish I could cut my losses as unconcernedly as he cuts my hair," said The City Editor. "I'm a bad seller, and may as well own up to it."

"The principle I've always been taught is to run my profits and cut my losses."

"Like most other principles, dearie, that's all jolly fine on paper, but it won't wash when you get down to human nature. Mixed, I admit. Still, you know what I mean."

"I'm beginning to get a sort of muddled order into my brain-box," observed The Engineer. "And one of the basic ideas is—"

"That there's no hard-and-fast rule for anything connected with the Stock Exchange markets."

"Allowing for exceptions, if you will have the patience to hear me out—"

"And that's my weakness now," hummed The Jobber.

"My theory is that when you make a profit on one thing, you ought to sell anything on which there's a loss, and thereby balance the one against the other."

"Then if I'm a very stale bull of something that shows a heavy loss, I ought to cut it, on your theory, when I make a profit on something else."

"That's the idea."

"Don't think much of it," said The Jobber plainly.

"Why not? Where's the snag?"

"You'd never get any forrader if you acted on your system."

"But surely you expect to make a profit on balance, even though you know that there are certain things which will fall below your expectations."

"That's nicely put. Well, when I make a profit, I like to say to myself, 'Jolly good, Cæsar, I admire your perspi-perspicuity or perspi—whatever it is.' If I cut a loss on something else at the same time, where shall I get any admiration for my perspicacity?"

"Ah," said The Engineer, "I must admit not having thought of that."

"Then what are you going to do about it?"

"That's simple. All that's necessary will be to frame a supplementary Rule which will apply to Any Mutual Admiration Society possessing a membership of One."

"Well, you know," put in The Broker, "there's something in it; I mean, something in what both of you say. The principle is sound, but its application isn't easy."

"Nothing that is worth doing is ever easy."

"Oh, throw him out of the window, and his copy-book maxims with him."

"As we aren't going to make any losses this year," said The Merchant pacifically, "why pursue this system? It's only wasting time."

"It isn't; it's the proper thing to do, and I want you to try it."

"Let's try another Swindlecate instead," proposed The Merchant.

things that everybody else is buying?" The Engineer wondered.

"When a bull you want to be in a crowd: it's on the bear tack that you ought to be on your own."

"Look here, my Lord. If we have any more of your cheap epigrams, this Swindlecate will lose one of its most valued members. What next?"

"Imperial Tobacco will go to seven," The City Editor said, returning to his previous charge. "I think we might have a few, don't you? Shall we say a hundred Imps.?"

"Hundred's no use. Why not make it five hundred?"

"It's better to be safe than sorry," said The Engineer, reducing The Broker to the very verge of insanity.

"Maypole deferred don't cost very much, and I'm told they're going up," The Merchant again interposed.

"Who told you?"

"A man in the trade. Said he had the tip from the right stable."

"I propose we put them down for consideration later on," remarked The Broker. "My fancy runs on International Holdings for substantial improvement."

"You're taking big risks, of course."

"Must do, if you want to make big profits. What is our policy? Double the money or lose the lot? Or Small Profits and Quick Returns?"

The Jobber thought it was better to go slowly at first. "Elyou are my contribution to the pot. The new mining company, you know."

"That's not a bad one," agreed The Engineer. "The company has good prospects, and the right people are behind it."

"I suppose we dare not buy Home Rails?" ventured The Engineer. "I have a feeling in my bones that it's right, somehow."

"We've all had that feeling, and it has generally proved expensive. What is your idea?"

"Oh, Western and Brum., I suppose. There's nothing like having the best."

"You may make more money out of others, don't you think?"

"You mean Berwicks? The second preference looks a tolerably good buy, but it's running risks, to my mind, to buy it now."

"Undue risks?"

"That's my view. I don't know what you other chaps think?"

They all thought the same, and so it went at that. "We have a bit of Argentine Railway stock left over from our last deal," The Broker recalled. "Shall we let it go? There's quite a decent profit on it."

They agreed to take that profit and to let the next man have a chance of making it more.

"It seems right to buy almost anything, with the Stock Exchange markets in their present mood."

"Toujours le Mond," cried The Jobber. "Monds and Molasses have taken me a yard or so nearer to retirement, and if—"

"If we hadn't grabbed you just as the door swung open," said The Engineer, releasing his hold, "you might by now have retired completely. What have you lost?"

"My hat!" groaned the survivor. "And it was new last Derby Day. Why on earth couldn't you have been more careful?"

Friday, Jan. 11, 1929.

STOCKS AND SHARES MENTIONED
IN THESE SURROUNDINGS.

Canadian Pacifics.
Hudson's Bay.
Marconi.
Imperial Tobacco.
Maypole.
Elyou. Home Rails.

"Ah, that's not a bad idea. Have we got any money?"

"The less money we've got, the more stock we can open."

"You're a regular Christmas card with your axioms—"

"That one sounds to me more like a Valentine," said The Broker. "But how about this Swindlecate of yours?"

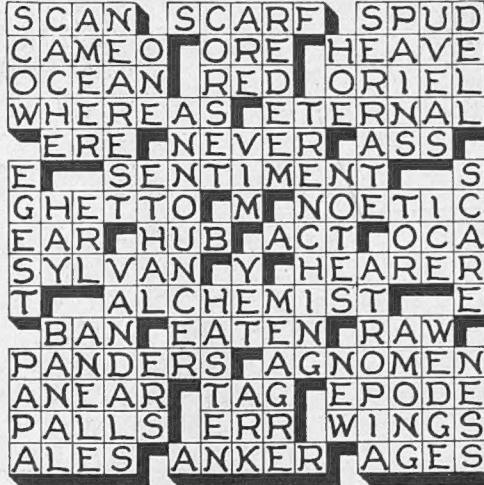
"Will it run to Canadian Pacifics, do you think?"

"Easily, because one can always stuff Canadas into the bank and borrow all one wants on them."

"Less ten per cent."

"Don't be pernickety. I suggest a hundred Canadas, for a ten-point rise. Any against? Carried unanimously," he told The Broker.

"We ought to put a hundred Hudson's Bays with 'em, surely," added The Merchant, the other men nodding assent.



THE SOLUTION OF THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE
IN OUR ISSUE OF JANUARY 9.

"How about Marconis? I'm told they're good for ninety shillings."

There was less readiness to accept this resolution. They argued a good deal over it before deciding that a couple of hundred couldn't do them much harm, and could be averaged if the price went down.

"Tobacco?" inquired The City Editor.

"Aren't we rather chasing the popular